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The Dublin Review

OCT., NOV., DEC., 1918

FORGOTTEN PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF CARDINAL WISEMAN

I

WE publish here and now some letters of Cardinal Wiseman's, partly because he was the founder of THE DUBLIN REVIEW, partly because they were sent to America, our great ally. It is not generally known that the future English Cardinal acted as agent in Rome for the American Primates. Archbishop Whitfield, of Baltimore, to whom these letters were addressed, was himself of English birth, and occupied the American Primacy from 1828 to 1834. Incidentally the first American Bishop, Dr. Carroll, had been consecrated in Lulworth Castle, in Dorsetshire, by the English Benedictine, Bishop Walmesley. Carroll was a Jesuit, and the roof under which he was consecrated was that of Mr. Weld, the munificent patron of Stonyhurst. This accounts for the close connection of the Society of Jesus with the budding Church of the United States, and it explains the otherwise curious fact that Rome relied on Cardinal Weld for all arrangements in America—an office for which Wiseman thought him entirely unfit. The correspondence shows the Jesuits as long the financiers of the See of Baltimore.

The letters show, too, how an American Archbishop received his Roman news in early times. There is a good account of the Conclave in 1831, which led to the election

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of Cardinal Capellari to the Papacy as Gregory XVI, and also a lurid enough description of the simultaneous revolution in the Papal States. The veto of Spain had prevented the election of Cardinal Giustiniani for reasons which were eminently honourable to him—his interest in America and his action toward giving Bishops to Colombia, after Colombia had revolted from Spain. Readers will recall the veto which Austria lodged against the election of Cardinal Rampolla; and, showing over again how history repeats itself, Dr. Wiseman describes how the General of the Jesuits died almost in company with Pope Leo XII, a concomitant of the tragic death of Pius X.

Most interesting is the account of the misunderstanding which arose when the brilliant Dr. England, first Bishop of Charleston, preached the funeral sermon in Rome for Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, the only Catholic signer of the American Declaration of Independence. Dr. England has been described, with Archbishop Ireland and Cardinal Gibbons, as one of the greatest three in American Church history. Impetuous, ardent, and intellectual, he was the first to create a distinctly Irish atmosphere as opposed to the French and old-fashioned Colonial influence pervading the Church. At the close of Wiseman's last letter to Archbishop Whitfield there is mention of the ordination of Mr. Spalding, of Kentucky. This was the future Archbishop of Baltimore, who died some forty years later, asking on his deathbed that Cardinal Gibbons should be his successor. Gibbons became coadjutor to Dr. Roosevelt Bayley, who actually succeeded, and later became himself the greatest even among the Archbishops of Baltimore. A few lines cover the early growth of the whole American Church.

The Baltimore succession has been held by various national stocks. Carroll and Neale were the descendants of Maryland Irish. Mareschal was born in France. Whitfield was an Englishman by birth. Eccleston was a native convert. Kenrick was Irish, and Roosevelt Bayley (kinsman of Theodore Roosevelt) was of American-

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Dutch descent. Spalding was of old English Maryland descent. Ireland and America are equally proud of Cardinal Gibbons, who, on August 16th, 1868, was consecrated a Bishop in Baltimore Cathedral. He has lived to attain his Episcopal Jubilee, the most venerable figure in the New World, the Guardian Angel of the American Church, the sole survivor of the Vatican Council, *deliciæ populi Americani*. The friend of Presidents, the counsellor of Bishops and Statesmen, he has constantly exhibited the genius of tact and the refinement of holiness. Whenever during the last quarter of a century there has been need of a gentle word, of a sage memorandum, of a calming letter, or of a perfect pastoral, it has been forthcoming under the familiar signature "J. Card. Gibbons." We join humbly in the general salutation made to him by the Church and the Republic.

II

The letters Cardinal Wiseman wrote to Archbishop Whitfield are here printed in the order of their dates :

Rome, February 14th, 1829.

MY DEAR LORD,

I should have long since written to your Grace both to thank you in the sincerest manner for your having given me such a mark of confidence in entrusting me with the agency of your ecclesiastical affairs, and at the same time to detail their progress, had I not entertained hopes that I might earlier than this have been able to send a favourable report. The death of his Holiness Leo XII, which took place on Tuesday the 10th inst., has for the present delayed their termination, which I had every reason to hope would have been pleasing and satisfactory to your Grace. I commenced my business by an application to Padre Mannoni, the Father who used to pay the pension to Dr. Gradwell, and was answered that I must treat with the General.

I accordingly wrote a letter to him, couched in the

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most polite terms, informing him of your Grace's succession to the See of Baltimore, and that you had nominated me agent, desiring me to apply to him for the pension settled upon his Grace the late Archbishop as a compensation for property belonging to the Archiepiscopal *Mensa*, now in the hands of the Society, from the last payment made to Dr. Mareschal. Your Grace will have probably heard that the death of Fr. Fortis, the General, preceded that of his Holiness by only a few days. I have duly received your Grace's pallium; and, a few days ago, the Brief empowering its transmission to you. The most secure and respectful way of doing so will be through the Rev. Mr. Egan, who will return to America in Spring. I am sorry to see so worthy and virtuous a clergyman in such a poor state of health, but he tells me he is much better than when he came. Rev. Mr. Wheeler left this for Naples the very day before the Pope's death in company with Dr. Conwell. Indeed the death was totally unexpected; only a few days' illness took place, and all were quite unprepared for such a stroke. His Holiness was, however, expecting it. Only a week before, he requested a friend of mine to draw up his epitaph upon a rough draft which he gave him, and he had not put it up when he was taken ill. Both the papers were found on his table after his death.

The most direct way of corresponding will be through Havre, addressing direct to Rome.

Rome, September 30th, 1829.

Dr. Gradwell has, I trust, some time since informed your Lordship of the happy termination of your protracted cause which I announced in mine of July 28th as quite certain. . . . I translated the account given in your Grace's last relating to the Religious Houses, increase of congregations, etc., and laid them before Propaganda. I need not add that they were delighted with them. Such notices are some consolation to the Sacred Congregation in compensation for the distressing accounts from South America and Asia. Rev. Mr. Wheeler is, I trust, long

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since arrived. If within reach, I pray your Grace to present him my best regards. Your Grace will of course have heard of the death of Rev. Mr. Egan, an hour or two after landing at Marseilles.

Rome, March 25th, 1831.

It may seem strange to have to plead as an apology for not writing the abundance of motives which there have been for writing ; yet, as it is with me, event has followed event so closely that, just when there appeared a proper moment to relate them, something else came on that suggested the propriety of silence. Thus, no sooner was the late Pope dead than I felt it my duty to write to your Grace ; but then everyone confidently anticipated that a few days would have given us another Pontiff, and I trusted to have the pleasure of communicating this joyful intelligence. Everyday during the Conclave we were deluded with hopes and promises for the morrow ; and thus we were hurried on from day to day. When at length the man for whom all the Church cried out (and I am sure that America was not backward in the same desires) was elevated to the Chair of Peter, our glorious revolution, as some would call it, but rather our foolish rebellion, broke out ; and for two months kept us in disquietude and the roads unsafe. Now, at length, that all is once more restored to order, I can sit down to give your Grace a detailed account of all that has happened. I dare say the same exaggerated reports will cross the Atlantic as have disturbed our friends in England ; for all has to pass through the tainted medium of irreligious France, and doubtless you will have heard in America of the abomination of desolation having been planted in the Holy Place (for such I must call the tri-coloured ensign of revolt and irreligion). But, thank God, His chosen city has not been abandoned by his mercies, and we have happily escaped the numerous horrors which threatened us too closely. When the late Pope died, all was sufficiently tranquil, but the French Revolution had awakened the hopes of the revolutionary Party in Italy ; those

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of Belgium and Poland served to encourage them ; and the open avowal of the principle of non-intervention by France ripened them into expectation. Before the Cardinals had entered Conclave, a plot was discovered in Rome to seize the Castle, proclaim a Constitution, and expel the ecclesiastical authorities. At the head of it was Prince Louis, son of the Duchess of St. Len, and consequently nephew to Napoleon Buonaparte. He was banished ; several other accomplices were imprisoned ; and so the affair ended. During the Conclave hardly any extraordinary precautions were deemed necessary to preserve good order ; and, though the Provinces were in an uneasy state, no danger was apprehended. Had the Conclave been as short as the public and their Eminences themselves anticipated, all the confusion that followed might have been avoided. But it pleased God otherwise to ordain. The general opinion was that Cardinal Capellari would be the person elected ; but a strong party, headed by Cardinal Albani, supported Cardinal Pacca, was too strong to allow any other from being chosen. At length all united in giving their votes for Cardinal Giustiniani, when, just as the election was on the point of being made, the veto of Spain was put in, on account of the Cardinals having advised the giving of Bishops to Colombia under Leo XII. Upon the list of Cardinals to be excluded for the same reason was that of Capellari ; so that, if Divine Providence had not so disposed events, his present Holiness would not have been given to the Church. Nothing could have been more beautiful than Cardinal Giustiniani's behaviour upon this occasion. He had been very unwell at the prospect of so heavy a burthen being laid upon his shoulders, for he is a man of great piety. The moment his exclusion was announced to him he said he thanked the King of Spain for what he had done more than for the many kindnesses he had experienced from him during his nunciature at Madrid. His health and spirits instantly revived, and he recommended all parties to unite in favour of Cardinal Capellari. Still, obstacles were raised and time was lost

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until, upon the second of February, we were all delighted with the intelligence that God had been pleased to hear the prayers of His widowed Church, and on that solemn festival of the Blessed Virgin give it a pastor according to His own heart.

It is truly painful that the history of such a joyful event should be mingled with the relation of the malice and wickedness of man ; but, during the Conclave, a conspiracy was found to assassinate the Cardinals, and so put an end to the Government. This was never discovered until long after, but unexpected circumstances most providentially disconcerted the plans of the conspirators ; and, as no news of insurrection in the provinces reached us till after the Pope's Coronation, it cannot be said that intimidation had anything to do with the election. The insurrection of Modena was the first signal for the concerted rising. It was soon followed by that of Bologna in the Pope's States, and took place the day before they knew of the election of a new Pope. This was followed in a few days by the total revolt of Ferrara, Ravenna, and Forli, the other three legations as they are called. The infection then spread downwards to the March of Ancona, and as far as Spoleto, a day's journey of the Capital. The citadel of Ancona held out for some time under General Sutterman ; but, not being provisioned, he was obliged to capitulate. The plan followed was the same in every place. The Governors were surprised by armed multitudes, the soldiers generally proving unfaithful, and compelled by threats and even daggers at their throats to renounce the command and make it over to the provisional Government proposed to them. Their intention was to unite all Italy in one federal state, a scheme perfectly chimerical at first sight in the eyes of anyone who is acquainted with the reciprocal feelings of the different principalities. However, these provinces commenced their work, and elected deputies to form a congress, and began to frame something like a constitutional government. Thus far the danger was at a distance, but we were not without more anxious alarms nearer home.

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On the Saturday before Ash Wednesday we were on the eve of being a prey to the most wicked conspiracy formed upon a plan truly diabolical. It was the Carnival; numbers of foreigners from other parts of Italy had gradually arrived in Rome, and everything was concerted for a rising in the great street of the Corso where the carriages are crowded in two lines. A number of conspirators, in masks and armed, were to post themselves beside the soldiers dispersed along the street; and, upon the firing of the cannon as a signal of preparation for the race, were to disarm the troops and massacre them if they made resistance, cut the traces of the carriages so as to block up the street, and in the general confusion proclaim the new order of things. The Government received intimation of this plot only a few hours before it had to take place; the bell of the Capitol had already tolled to proclaim the commencement of the Carnival; and some people were already masked in the streets when a decree from Cardinal Bernetti drawn up upon his own responsibility, as the Pope was at St. Mary Major's, put an end to the Carnival. All Rome applauded this prudent measure; not a murmur was heard against it; strong patrols paraded the streets all the evening, and the city remained tranquil excepting for a sensible uneasiness in the movements of the anxious inhabitants. At night, after the patrols had retired, an attempt was made to disarm the principal *corps de garde* at the Post Office. The soldiers had gradually retired within their quarters, and the sentinels alone remained, when a person passing by the opposite side of the square perceived a crowd of young men and overheard their remarks. He went round and warned the Guard; and the commanding officer sent a small picquet to disperse them while the rest drew out before their quarters. Upon the patrol coming up to the crowd, and ordering them to disperse, they endeavoured to surround and close upon the soldiers. One of the conspirators, a young man of the name of Lupi, son to a most respectable physician, fired his pistol at the breast of a soldier who most narrowly escaped. The troops then fired; several fell, but

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were carried off by their companions. One or two were afterwards discovered to have been killed.

After that, Government made many arrests. The prisoners, among whom was Lupi, betrayed their plans to the Government ; their papers were discovered ; and hundreds of strangers left the city. All the citizens were called to arms, and formed into corps of civic guards. Nobles of the first class might be seen standing sentinel in public, and have continued doing so till the present moment, as all the troops have been marched out to oppose our invading army. The enthusiasm shown by the inhabitants of Rome and the neighbouring districts is quite extraordinary. I saw the horses taken one day from the Pope's carriage, and his Holiness drawn through the streets by a crowd amidst the most tremendous applause. Wherever he went he was received in the most loyal manner. And, indeed, he has justly deserved it, for the calm and dignified manner in which he has borne the calamities which have overwhelmed him at the very commencement of his pontificate, and has edified, delighted, and cheered everyone. He has always preserved the same cheerful, agreeable disposition which he displayed when Cardinal, or, rather, when a simple Religious. The rebels marched in several columns upon Rome by the roads of Civita Castellana and Rieti. The latter place they several times assaulted, but were repelled every time with some loss, owing chiefly to the energetic conduct of the Bishop. We were however for upwards of a month with these miscreants within a day's march of Rome, the Papal troops not being strong enough to act on the offensive, and only just sufficing to protect us from an attack. Thank God, the advance of the Austrians into the Papal territories has put an end to all our apprehensions. The provisional Governments have all been put down, the heads of the new party taken prisoners, and order restored. Still, the finances of the State must suffer most seriously, and the havoc and ruin caused by this foolish attempt to disturb public order is serious for the country.

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Your Grace had a deeper interest at stake in this country than you might at first sight suppose. Wherever the Revolution broke out, the first attack was upon the Jesuits. At Ferire, Forli, and other places, their houses were pillaged, their lives menaced, and the Fathers compelled to fly. At Rome they were menaced by letters, a bill with "To Let" was posted upon their door, tri-coloured cockades are said to have been laid in their schools upon the Professors' chairs; and, in short, there can be no doubt that, had the Revolution taken place in Rome, there would have been a seizure of their property, and the total dispersion of the body. This would of course have completely put an end to all payment of your Lordship's pension.

Rome, January 8th, 1832.

I fear I must bear the blame of Dr. Bramston's not answering your letter. The fact is that it arrived while I was in England, to which I ran over in the Autumn upon business committed to me by his Holiness. I received your Grace's last letter an hour before leaving Rome in September, and intended to have written from England, especially after Dr. Bramston put your letter into my hand requesting me to answer the inquiry there addressed to Dr. Gradwell on the £40 to be drawn for by you. But my time was so entirely taken up from morning till night, and my journey so rapid, that I could not find a moment for writing till I returned home. However, I have authorized your Grace to draw upon me for any sum. It has always been my intention that you should do so at once without writing to England. Dr. Gradwell's directions, of which I was not aware, arose from a misunderstanding. I have only been a few days in Rome, and have not been able yet to see the Jesuits.

My journey to England has been highly beneficial to my health and perfectly satisfactory in all its results regarding the business for which I went. I had, however, a very dangerous accident on my return, having been

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dashed out of a gig with great violence upon my head, and taken up insensible. This was near Turin, so that I have plenty of time to recover. Dr. England, whom I had the pleasure to see in London, reached Rome a few days before me. Last week a funeral service was performed for the late Mr. Carroll. Dr. England preached a funeral oration. Yesterday his Lordship did us the honour to dine at the College. Things go on rather ill in the Papal States. Several new taxes have been laid on, among others a very severe one on all ecclesiastical property, benefices included. God only knows how and when we shall regain tranquillity. We have been preserved from the cholera so far, and, as it has subsided over the rest of Europe, we trust all danger is past. I saw Mr. Williamson a few days ago.

Rome, January 16th, 1832.

Your correspondence seems to have been crossing upon the way, as your Lordship's two last letters both complain of not having received any from me, though, fortunately, before one of them was closed mine arrived. I wrote to your Grace on the 10th of August last, requesting your Lordship to draw upon my account at Messrs. Wright for £50. By your last letter I should suppose mine had not come to hand. In consequence of the Government's not having paid up its dividends, the Jesuits, like everyone else in Rome, have not paid up their last year's accounts.

I was gratified to learn that my accounts of our revolution last year proved useful towards representing affairs in a better light than they had been by the Liberal papers. I suppose the misrepresentation has continued, as the provinces have refused to give in their submission since the retreat of the Austrian troops. They organized National Guards, refused the payment of taxes, and remained, though nominally Papal subjects, in reality to all intents and purposes in a state of insurrection and a posture of defiance. Things have at length been brought to a close after the Pope has thrown away upon them every measure of conciliation. He has refused assurances

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from the ambassadors of all the Great Powers that they are ready to assist him upon the advance of his troops. Their notes appeared officially in the *Diurno* of last Saturday. The Austrian troops were already prepared to advance; but the Bolognese sent a deputation to Cardinal Albani, the new Legate *a latere*, to say that a foreign occupation should not again take place, and to tender their submission. Things seem, therefore, upon the point of being amicably arranged. The Pope has already reformed many abuses, given a budget, and amended the criminal and civil code. A loan has been effected at Paris which has relieved the Government from its present distresses, and great economy been introduced into every branch of the administration.

His Holiness, of whom I had lately an audience, is in perfect health, and indefatigable in the conduct of affairs. Mr. Williamson arrived safe here, and soon entered the College of Propaganda where he seems very happy. Mr. Pise is in Rome. I have put his Holiness and the Sacred Congregation on their guard against any machinations. An American gentleman, a Mr. Tucker, has embraced our holy religion in Rome this winter. He is very ill. We have had several other conversions of English these few months. Yesterday, the Rev. Mr. Spencer of our College, though only a Deacon, gave an English sermon in the Church of Gesù e Maria to an audience of all the English in Rome. His sermon was beautiful and impressive, and the circumstance of his having been seven years a model among the clergy of the Establishment and of being brother to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and consequently of his having renounced the brightest prospects in a worldly point of view, added to the impression his discourse was calculated to produce. He is indeed an invaluable treasure to the Church in general, and to ours of England in particular. I have been repeatedly receiving letters from Dr. Conwell, whom I should be very happy to serve, if I knew how; but, really, to think of my having Dr. Kenrick removed and his Lordship reinstated in his powers as he wishes, is quite

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out of the question. Your Grace no doubt knows the true state of affairs, and will know how to state them to Propaganda.

Cardinal Capiano, so long Secretary of the Congregation, is on the point of death. Not the slightest hopes of his recovery are entertained, though he may linger out a few days more. We have had a dreadful influenza in Rome, from which few have escaped, and of those I had the good fortune to be one.

Rome, April 13th, 1833.

Your Grace will have doubtless learnt that the new division or determination of Dioceses in the United States has not been acceded to. It may be of use to you to know something of the secret history of the business, though it may not be very fit for profane ears. The Cardinals of the Congregation place the most complete confidence in Cardinal Weld for all business regarding England and America, though necessarily his previous choice of life can in no ways have qualified him for the slightest acquaintance with the ecclesiastical affairs of either. His Eminence somehow or other imagined that Dr. England, whom he had consulted, was opposed to the new limitation, and accordingly voted against it and drew the majority after him. Upon conferring afterwards with the Bishop, he was quite dismayed at finding that he had gone exactly contrary to his opinion and wishes; and he expressed himself to a friend of mine in terms of great regret at having by his mistake caused such a decision.

Another still more extraordinary blunder influenced the determination of this affair. The map used upon the occasion not having room for the prolonged tract of Florida without enlarging the size of the sheet, this province was detached and represented separately in a small frame in some vacant corner of the map. Now your Grace must know that Geography is not a branch of education in Italy, and in consequence their Eminences, considering *that* the real place of Florida, decided that the proposed demarcation could not be adopted as it

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united Florida in jurisdiction with Louisiana I think, from which it was separated by such a vast tract of ocean. This will appear hardly credible, but I give it from undoubted authority.

A circumstance has taken place here which has given me considerable pain, and which I feel it my duty to relate to your Grace lest the false reports circulated here should reach America. I believe I mentioned in my last that Dr. England had preached a funeral oration in honour of the late Mr. Carroll. Though I had not thought it possible to handle the subject with so much reserve as his Lordship did, I will frankly own that it was such a sermon as from my long acquaintance with Rome I never would have thought it prudent to preach, especially at the present crisis. It was in fact reported even with exaggerations by someone who heard it. A few nights after, I was surprised at a large party to find myself drawn aside by Cardinal Sala, to whom I had never before spoken since he was a Cardinal, nor have I seen him again. His Eminence asked me if I had been at Dr. England's sermon. I replied in the affirmative. What did you think of it? Why, that it was very eloquent and powerful. But what did you think of its principles? I admire nothing as much as the art with which he escaped from the dangerous points of his subject. Do you admire, then, his praising from the pulpit his Mr. Carroll's liberality on the ground that he married his daughters to Protestants as easily as to Catholics, and treated all alike? His Lordship, I replied, never said anything of the sort. Your Eminence must have heard from someone who did not understand English well. He replied that he heard it from a person in office who knew the language perfectly. Then, he continued, did he not mention among Mr. Carroll's exploits that he undertook a mission to Canada to excite that country to rebellion against England? I could not plainly deny this like the former charge. Therefore I answered that it was not reasonable to expect the same politics in an American as in one of us, and that the affair was represented in milder form than had been stated.

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A pretty thing, His Eminence replied, to mount our pulpits in Rome and teach us such doctrines ! We will know all about him before he gets what he came for. Do you know his business ? I was glad to answer that, among other matters, Dr. England would submit to the Congregation some that would show how zealous he had been, whatever he might think in politics, to put an end to the democratic opinion in the interference of Trustees with ecclesiastical authorities. That, he answered, he was glad to learn. I added : I can further assure you that from personal acquaintance with him I know that he is as decidedly hostile to your Italian revolutionists as your Eminence or myself.

This conversation I mentioned to no one in authority except Cardinal Weld who, I thought, should be made acquainted with the sentiments of his colleagues for Dr. England's sake. What was my astonishment to find that in sequel of the foregoing conversation I was pitched upon and industriously held up as having denounced Dr. England to the authorities here. The Irish Clergy here have declared war upon me, and have studiously kept at a distance from my sermons so as to cause some scandal ; and Dr. England has manifested a marked reserve in his intercourse with me and my college. My Vice-Rector, having ascertained the cause of all this hostility before me, at once went to Dr. Cullen, Rector of the Irish College where Dr. England resides, and explained everything to him, requesting him to do the same to Dr. England. He promised to do so, but I have not heard a syllable from either.

His Holiness enjoys excellent health. In a few days Monsignor Castracini will receive the Cardinal's Hat, and is succeeded by Mgr. Mai, at present librarian of the Vatican, with whom I have long enjoyed intimate friendship. He is, however, the pupil of the Jesuits and their attached friend.

Rome, August 22nd, 1834.

It is now some months since I wrote to your Grace,

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promising very soon to trouble you with another letter upon important business. You will wonder what can have become of its importance, and my hurry, that both should have been able to keep so long. The fact is I then daily expected the decision of an important matter which, according to a very usual practice here, is hardly decided as yet; and in this decision, though directly affecting myself, I considered your Grace's interests directly concerned. The question was whether I should leave Rome for ever to take an importantly responsible position in England, in which case a change in the agency might be important in your Grace's concerns, as I will just now explain. At present the business stands as follows: I go to England in Spring to undertake the establishment of a new Catholic University under sanction of his Holiness, who has been pleased to express his approbation, with a kind reserve that I give up none of my situations in Rome till I see, after a year or two, whether I shall continue them. In the meantime a Pro-Rector will fill my situations, one every way qualified for the office, formerly Vice-Rector. Should the establishment flourish, and my presence be of service to it, it is the declared intention of the Bishop, Dr. Baines, to propose me for his coadjutor. Indeed he has done so already, but a delay has been proposed till some other affairs of his diocese are satisfactorily arranged. The probabilities are strong that I shall return no more to Rome to reside. At any rate, my absence will be prolonged.

Now for your Grace's interest in this business. It is as follows. I before suggested to your Grace the propriety, in case of your having a coadjutor, of having the pension matter settled upon him at least during your lifetime. . . . Dr. England leaves in a few days. Your Grace will doubtless have learned that he has obtained as Coadjutor the Rev. Dr. Cullen, Rector of the Irish College, in this city, a young man of very great abilities, learning, and piety, and of a particularly mild, humble, and peaceful character. Dr. England was successful in his application in consequence of the necessity he will be

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under of dividing his time between his Diocese and Haiti, of which he is named Vicar-Apostolic. Dr. Cullen is at present in Ireland, with intentions to return ; but Dr. England intends, if possible, to take him over with him this Autumn.

Mr. Spalding of Kentucky left Rome a few days ago for Baltimore, having been ordained priest in the Propaganda just before starting. A few weeks ago he sustained a thesis of universal theology I believe for the Doctorship. I had the pleasure of entering the lists with him and being a witness of the ability and readiness he displayed.

Here the correspondence with Archbishop Whitfield closes. But a later letter from Dr. Wiseman to Bishop Kenrick, of Philadelphia, the future Archbishop of Baltimore, has a special interest for our readers :

Rome, April 7th, 1840.

I have to thank you collectively for a number of kind attentions to me, first in the publication of so many of my poor works, then in forwarding them to me. If they have done any little good in North America, God be praised for it ; for no worth of theirs can have obtained such a blessing. I have at the same time to thank you for your still more valuable presents of your book on *The Papal Supremacy*, and the value of your theological course. Any commendation from me would be superfluous, as I am sure there can be but one opinion concerning their high character.

Bishop Hughes, who has been here this winter, is anxious as he passes through London to enter into connection with the Catholic Institute which is doing so much good in England by the tracts it publishes. I am sure whatever can promote the Catholic spirit and feeling of sympathy and co-operation between the Catholics of the Old and New world must be a benefit to both. Our adversaries are so nearly the same that it will be an immense economy of time, application, and talent, if what is done on one side of the Ocean were made avail-

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able on the other, instead of having to be there done over again. THE DUBLIN REVIEW would be delighted to have a regular correspondent in the United States, who should transact ecclesiastical and religious intelligence to us, and give an account of new religious publications. At the same time we should be delighted to receive contributions, especially reviews of American publications, religious or otherwise. If you or your brother could find time enough to direct it, it would be a very great advantage to us.

III

THE DUBLIN REVIEW is perhaps only now becoming the link between Catholics in America and England that Wiseman hoped to see it. It is curious to look back over the eighty years of its existence. In April, 1837, the DUBLIN, reviewing De Tocville's then recent work on American Democracy, felt able to record that "The United States of North America have been and are every day becoming more and more the subject of European attention." Highly praising the work of De Tocville, the writer prophesied "that slavery will cease utterly in North America there can be no shadow of doubt. Every hour that the negro is detained in bondage accumulates a heavy debt, and the retribution will be terrible." De Tocville doubted the permanence of the American Union, but our DUBLIN reviewer shrewdly commented, "a splitting up may take place, but is by no means inevitable." The DUBLIN, as we may proudly now recall, was early in the field in repelling the cheap gibes with which Sidney Smith and a whole school of English writers treated America. Captain Basil Hall's book it condemned as "the speech of any brawler at a Conservative meeting," and at the same time it suggested Tyrone Power's book as an antidote to Mrs. Trollope's "thousand exaggerations." It commended Francis Grund's repudiation of "the assertions of Tory writers as to the low condition of American literature and taste." Later, it refuted Captain Marryat's criticisms of Americans as puerile and

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shallow. Marryat, however, noted the liberality and progress of the Church, averring that "the States to the westward of the Alleghanies may be said to be in a state of neglect or darkness, or professing the Catholic religion" (1839). In October, 1837, the DUBLIN, in an interesting article on "The Irish in America," pointed out that a quarter of a million Irish emigrants had entered the Continent in the previous decade, and reproved the Press which, in New York, wished them to be declared contra-band !

In 1844, the DUBLIN was upholding O'Connell's denunciation of the slave-trade, and reprobating the attempt to usurp Texas as a slave-breeding reserve. In the next year the conversion of Brownson, whom Lord Brougham called "the master-mind of America," was noted and appraised. Brownson and the Mormons were the two religious phenomena which interested English Catholics until the Civil War, when American History began afresh. The DUBLIN expected that two Americas might evolve, but that slavery would perish. It deprecated the bitterness of English writers, and the "pleasure of smart writing" which might cost thousands of lives, declaring that a war between England and America would be "a great crime and an intolerable evil." It testified to "the high-minded spirit in which the people of the Northern States responded to the call of national honour," and said "we must ever regret that their conduct has been so unjustly appreciated in England." The year following the War the DUBLIN discovered in California the beautiful planting of the Vineyard by the Franciscans, akin to the Jesuit Paradise in Paraguay. The subsequent blight was referred to in the simple sentence: "In 1827 a Mr. Smith established himself in California to make money !" The destruction of the Indians and of the Catholic tradition followed. The DUBLIN thereupon protested against the grotesque substitutions which occurred in topography. *La purissima Concepcion* had become Loafer Hill ; *Sacramento*, Jim Crow Canyon ; *Trinidad*, Whisky Diggings ; *Santa Cruz*, Yankee Doodle ! Against this new nomen-

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clature was, however, pitted the fact that the Irish pioneers were redeeming the moral conditions which followed the track of the gold hunters: "Catholicity is in the ascendant; the sects are in the decline; and the battle is between paganism with a mythology of dollars and the Church of God."

In the eighteen-seventies the DUBLIN discovered in American poetry "a flavour of its own like an American apple." Its praises were for poets America has since forgotten. Emerson, writing verse, "was like Caractacus in fetters in the streets of Rome." Walt Whitman's verses were likened to "a herd of buffaloes thundering over the prairies!"

In 1881 Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, wrote an article for the DUBLIN on the position of Catholics in the United States, quoting Buckle's dictum that "the growth of cities has been a main cause of the decline of the ecclesiastical power." He wished Catholic immigrants to take farms as did the German and Scandinavian elements. States like Michigan, Iowa, and Illinois, might have been Irish and Catholic; but Irish and Italian piety had perished in the great cities. If, said the Bishop, the Church is strong in the rural districts, "she will be strong throughout the American continent; if she is weak here, she will be feeble from Behring Strait to Cape Horn." With the Centenary of the American Church, the DUBLIN prophesied that the Catholic negro in America would lead to the conversion of Africa, a hope we may still harbour as not utterly vain. The problem of the American negro, not having been solved by the American State, remains for the American Church.

Of late years, records of the visits of Cardinal Gasquet and Wilfrid Ward have entertained the readers of these pages. A more momentous visit is that of the representative of Cardinal Wiseman's Hierarchy in modern times, Bishop Keating, of Northampton. Cardinal Gibbons's Jubilee is a ripe time for the Church in England to salute that of America; and, in view of the problems of Reconstruction for both, to draw closer even than their Governments.

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Wiseman was not wrong, after all, in his belief that the feeling of sympathy and co-operation between the Catholics of the Old and New world must be a benefit to both. The war, terrible but unifying, has soldered not only the English-speaking world but the English-speaking Church. The successor of Wiseman in Westminster, and the successor of Whitfield in Baltimore face the dawn of a new era. Episcopal Hierarchies such as neither Wiseman nor Whitfield dreamed of have sprung up. The English-speaking Episcopate is the greatest *in orbi*.

But it would be unwise and unfair not to recognize that the English-speaking Episcopate is largely one of Irish birth, and that it will always be so. Bishops of Irish name rule the Church in America and Australia because they built it up, and because without the Irish there would be no great Churches there to-day. The Irish who organized Catholic Christianity in the West of Europe a thousand years ago, who organized it in America and Australia within memory of man, are now preparing to evangelize China. In a few years there will be Irish Bishops in Asia to complete that wonderful girdle of Episcopacy by which the Irish name has circumvented the earth on which Ireland was not found worthy to be reckoned as a nation. But for the Irish name and for the clan-names of Ireland the pious reader of the *Orbis Catholicus* learns that God has found perennial and universal use.

Mighty questions surge on the horizon. Is there, then, to be an alliance, and a holy alliance, between the English speech and the See of Peter? Is the Irish-American Episcopate a presage and a pledge that the German language will disappear as a spoken tongue in the New World? Is the future of the Church with the English-speaking world and its allies? Certain it is that the pendulum of the Church, which seemed willing at one time to tend to the Catholics in Germany, Austria, and Spain, is now pointing elsewhere. Its pivot must henceforth be with that English-speaking world which broke Spain at different ends of the earth, and which is now

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gathered together to defeat finally the Austro-Germanic power. Whatever the outward attraction that Austria has for Catholics, and whatever are the splendid memories of Spain, the future of Catholicism as a force stirring the world is not there. The United States and the British Empire are Catholic as well as Protestant Powers, if they take heed to think and to realize their dual element. The respect and opportunities that the Church and the English-speaking Governments can render each other are manifest.

Experience has long shown the Church that under the British Empire, whatever its political faults, and equally under the Stars and Stripes, there exist a religious freedom and arena which Germany cannot and does not give. The Church in Germany is dumb and hampered. Its Bishops, whatever they feel, dared not answer the Belgian Bishops or echo the Papal condemnations and protests. Under the British Empire, Archbishops in Australia and in Ireland have, for reasons which it is not for us to canvass, opposed and prevented Conscription. It is only for us to remark that in Germany they would have shared the fate of the Archbishops whom Bismarck sent to gaol, and that in the end the cause of freedom in the British Empire will be benefited by their action and by the impunity which has attended it. In the United States the Archbishops rose as one man to uphold the Conscription demanded by the one State in the world where the conditions enjoyed by the Church are almost perfect. The American Hierarchy, besides, had endured more than one taste of German interference with their domestic affairs in the past, and they were not sorry to be released from the leash of neutrality.

America as well as England is an Asiatic power, and one of which the benevolence cannot be contested. The American Church has followed the American flag into the Philippines; and interesting figures indeed in the United States Episcopate to-day are the two Archbishops Harty and Dougherty who, after splendid missionary service in the Philippines, have returned to rule the home

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Dioceses of Omaha and Philadelphia. At the recent enthronement of Archbishop Dougherty, at Philadelphia, Bishop Shahan uttered the true sentiment of the American Church when he lifted his voice against Cæsar and the Empire of Cæsar : " It began its new career with a savage onslaught on the unity of the Catholic Church, and its violence and immoral pretensions have grown until the whole world has been drawn into the arena of armed conflict."

At different times the German spirit has tried to destroy, or to control and fetter, the Latin Church. These two have been the protagonists of Europe. Rome was at grips with Germany before Europe was, and we may add that American Churchmen were combatting Pan-Germanism before American statesmen. It seems now a natural tendency in world-currents for the Latin races to tend towards the English-speaking in a common unity against the Teuton. As, in one hemisphere, the Latin countries are entering into the Pan-American league which is uniting North and South America, so in the Old World the Latin Church can but find its future with the Allies. No clearer or stranger witness could be offered than the recent revelations of a Catholic Diplomat who, before the War, was German Ambassador in London. After referring to the united states in the Africa, the America, and the Australia of the future as lost to German influence, Prince Lichnowsky adds : " And the Latin states of Europe will enter into the same relations with the United Kingdom that their Latin sisters in America maintain with the United States." The Anglo-Saxon (in which he presumably includes the Celtic peoples and means the English-speaking) will dominate them : " France, exhausted by the War, will attach herself still more closely to Great Britain. Nor will Spain continue to resist long." So speaks a Catholic and a German !

If this, then, is in any measure to be the future of the Latin, Anglo-Saxon and Celtic group in the world's coming time, the Catholic Church will naturally associate

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her mundane fortunes and some of her spiritual hopes with a group that is so widespread, so potent, and so pacific. In a "Middle Europe," cemented by Turk, Bulgar, and Prussian, the Church can have little interest except to rescue the Catholic communities which the more formidable partners would seek to coerce and dragoon. And, as Prince Lichnowsky wrote, "Middle Europe belongs to the Middle Ages." But for the free Democracies of the world, as well as for the Church that starts out afresh upon their pinions, the Middle Ages have passed. With the English-speaking peoples and their Latin allies lies the Catholic order in the era of the future. *Deus providebit.*

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IT is especially since the "broken" Treaty of Limerick, in 1691, and the "flight of the wild geese," that a Greater Ireland has been growing up beyond the shores of Erin, not by the winning of new territory, but by the repeated evictions which have cast out the people from their homes. Thousands in the Eighteenth Century, and millions in the century following, fled across all waters into an exile from which they never came back. They were compelled to be landless wanderers. The "wild geese," led by men like Sarsfield, represented famous old Catholic houses; they had among them nobles and chiefs whom the Courts of Europe delighted to honour; and their descendants earned renown as generals, diplomatists, and ministers of State, in France, Spain, Austria, and Russia.

But a second emigration was taking place from about 1718 onwards among the Dissenters of the "Black North," who suffered under religious and commercial disabilities to such a degree that large numbers of them left the country, sailing to the West Indies or finding refuge in the American colonies. Their grandchildren furnished some of his best regiments to Washington in the War of Independence. Until after the Union there appear to have been comparatively few Irish immigrants into Great Britain, although "absentee" landlords, drawing vast rents from the estates they seldom or never visited, were conspicuous in London society. Recurring "famines," however, since that ill-managed alliance, drove crowds of the rising population—which attained its highest figure towards 1845—across the narrow seas and the Atlantic, and even to the lands of the Southern Cross. Never had a scattering so widespread, of myriads so poverty-stricken, been recorded in history.

These disinherited folk, invading Britain, the United

**The Foundations of Society and the Land*, by J. W. Jeudwine, F.R.H.Soc., LL.B. (Williams & Norgate). *The Making of Ireland and its Undoing*, by Alice Stopford Green (Macmillan). *The History of Ireland from the Treaty of Limerick*, by John Mitchell (Duffy); and other works.

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States, Canada, and Australia, swarmed into the great cities and increased that late Roman, yet most modern, of classes which possesses nothing but its labour, and is known as the proletariat. On the land of their birth they had no claim ; in the land of their exile they had not so much as the market value of slaves. Yet among them a certain proportion rose to comfort, to affluence, and at last to power. The Irish abroad have nowhere formed a State, any more than the children of Israel wandering through all nations. But as the Jews remember Zion, the exiles of Erin keep in their hearts unquenched the love of their lost land ; neither can they forget how they came to lose it. Their memory is an indictment, their political influence a weapon. Greater Ireland reckons, perhaps, thrice as many millions as have survived in the "distressful country." And these widely separated children of one worshipped Mother would certainly applaud when the Englishman and Protestant, Mr. Jeudwine, whose book I am going to review, affirms that "the present condition of Ireland can only be understood by a knowledge of the past ; and its condition confronts us as a menace from every aspect of our European relations."

Let us secure a few catchwords in our rapid survey ; and let them be these—conquest, confiscation, plantation, eviction, emigration, proletariat. Under six heads we will consider the story which, beginning in 1154 with Henry II of Anjou, has not reached a satisfactory ending with George V of Windsor. A keen-eyed critic wrote to me not long ago, "Englishmen have never taken Ireland seriously." He meant, among other things, that the Paramount Power (we will call it by this convenient name borrowed from India) had been always ready to discharge its conscience towards the Sister Island by appealing to general terms and *a priori* assumptions ; to the distinction between Celt and Saxon, or Catholic and Protestant, or civilized and barbarous ; to the "double dose of original sin," in virtue of which theology comes to the rescue of biology. Thus the "rooting out," as James I

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termed his benevolent measures, of a people from their ancient holdings is justified on the ground that they are "void of religion and humanity." Says Mr. Jeudwine once more: "The difficulty of Irish government has always been the same. The people of the larger island made, and make, no effort to see the Irish standpoint." This remains true during the seven hundred and sixty-four years since Fitzstephen landed at Wexford till the day I am writing. Swift, whose terrible conciseness wears the air of judgment, sums the matter up: "The first invaders had almost the whole Kingdom divided between them. New invaders succeeded and drove out their predecessors as native Irish. These were expelled by others that came after, and upon the same pretensions. Thus it went on for several hundred years, and in some degree even to our own memories."

Mark that superbly scornful phrase, "the native Irish." It might have been spoken by Epimetheus looking back, or by Prometheus glancing onwards. It holds in it the problem of Ireland and, as I think, its solution. That Englishmen settled in the country their ancestors had conquered, should be deemed merely "natives," was to Swift's proud spirit intolerable. Yet the alternative policy of equal laws for all and privileges for none, neither the English King nor the Parliament has dreamt of following. The Paramount Power has had immense "interests" in Ireland, but never any "interest" save a little sport. The Government is always absentee, getting profit by deputy and returning none, but especially resolved to waste no time upon the history, antiquities, genius, peculiar claims, or possible hopes, of an Island which is a world in itself. Perpetual ignorance followed by perpetual failure—these are cause and effect of the misunderstanding never yet healed between two nations which Providence intended to complete each other's good qualities, even by contrast. Whose the fault? Plainly, where the power has been there lies the blame. An Australian newspaper, the *Sydney Bulletin*, once wittily brought this home to its readers by

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reversing the situation. It implored them to bear in mind how the Irish had sinned age after age against the down-trodden English people ; how they had captured London, laid Yorkshire waste, burnt Leeds and Manchester, sold Cornish lads and lasses into slavery, and debarred Great Britain from trading with any nation under the sun. This ironical stroke anticipated, in regard to John Bull, the question which Mr. Lloyd George put sternly to the Kaiser when that invader of Belgium was excusing his atrocities ; what was he doing there at all ? Why did the English break into Ireland ? They had no wrongs to avenge. Their motive was altogether self-regarding. But they found glorious names for it—civilization, religion, humanity. To state the fact which Mr. Jeudwine shall now illuminate for us with an abundance of learning, I borrow a sentence written thirty years ago by Mr. Lecky ; “from a much earlier period,” says this impartial historian, “than the Revolution [of 1688], it had become a settled maxim in England that Ireland was the most convenient outlet for English adventurers, and that Irish lands might be confiscated without much more scruple than the land over which the Red Indian roves.”

I thank Mr. Lecky for teaching us that word, “Red Indian.” It has the curious felicity of illustrating by the conqueror’s scorn an era in the story of our race. Before Sir Walter Raleigh gave a name to Virginia, nay, centuries before Columbus sailed out West, the large, fertile, and rather helpless Island which lay over against Wales tempted the Norman, as it had already tempted the Dane coming round by Shetland and the Hebrides on his piratical expeditions. Ireland was the Englishman’s first America. It happened also to be the last refuge of a form of life and a tradition of law that he had long since left behind him, the life tribal, the law unwritten. At this point we will turn to Mr. Jeudwine’s seasonable chapters, in which the old Irish civilization plays an unexpected part, full of interest and rich in lessons for our coming days. The author has a just quarrel with our Whitehall scheme of training English youth in

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a knowledge of history. I have one also, for the plain Catholic reason that the history taught is neither universal nor European, and not even British, but what may be called Anglo-Saxon, Norman-French, Tudor-Protestant, and Whig-Constitutional. It is narrow, provincial, hide-bound, and painfully pedantic, as unreal as any nightmare. But Mr. Jeudwine tells us why: "The defect which lies at the bottom of all this English-history teaching," he declares, "is that it has no foundation; it never goes back to first principles." It leaps, without a poet's licence, *in medias res*. It assumes the feudal system almost as though created on the opening day of Genesis; or, at any rate, said Mr. Phipson Beale, so far back as 1867, "The Norman invasion of England has held nearly the same position in the popular history of English institutions as the Flood used to do in palæontology." So true are these words that, although I have myself written the compound term "Anglo-Saxon" above, I am well aware how little of the life and customs which it denotes can be learned in our schools. To trace the beginnings of social institutions with a view towards fulfilling the demands which the future will make upon us, appears to Mr. Jeudwine a task not unworthy of the time; and he has taken it manfully in hand. Significantly enough, it means adventure and exploration quite foreign to the political and stereotyped sketches that usage inflicts on British children, doomed more and more to be inspected and examined according to schedule. There is a "tale agreed upon," a "Constitution" supposed to have been ever distinctive of the people known to us (but not to themselves) as Anglo-Saxon; and in consequence we read history backwards, always discerning in rude old ages, not what they were, but

The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large.

Such reading would be excellent philosophy did the plan move by development on a single line, and not by a struggle for existence between tribes, tongues, peoples,

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forms of government and inheritance, all at the mercy of events, any one of which might have been different. What was the relation of a given social order to the land where we find it in a given period? That is the question, in Mr. Jeudwine's language, of "foundations." Before society was feudal it was tribal; and before the tribe knew much, or indeed anything, of agriculture it was pastoral. Herodotus shows to a most highly civilized Hellenic world the Scythians beyond it, who lived by roaming in wagons over the steppes which they did not cultivate. They were wandering hordes, that neither ploughed nor sowed, neither did they eat corn. From the farmer's point of view their land would be called waste; but the hunter can live where the farmer would die; and "the unenclosed pasture or forest" is the true "foundation" of history.

Thus it comes about that Ireland, early, mediæval, and modern, claims a special place in the real as opposed to the conventional story of the British Islands. Its records afford one of the chief authorities on early communal conditions; and if Sir Henry Maine was justified in accounting the change from tribal ownership to the system of individual property in land as the most momentous that ever befell mankind, surely we ought to study it where its effects lie visible on the surface, rather than by taking our view from a point long past its beginnings. The penalty of such neglect is a false and misleading historical perspective. Mr. Jeudwine draws the stern inference as regards Ireland. "In its later history," he says, "it is a unique example of the ruin and degradation of one people by another from pure ignorance, from theological hatred, from misrepresentations of the historical facts, from commercial jealousy, from want of firm government, from the evils of party politics. It would not appear," he concludes, "as if the Anglo-Scot even now understands the problem before him, or is willing to confess that he is at fault."

From Mr. Lecky we gained the instructive comparison of the native Irish to the Red Indian. Our present author

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sets up before us a full-sized figure of the invading and confiscating stranger who took their lands, as "the Anglo-Scot." When Sir Edward Carson lately accused the Government of "trifling with Ireland," he brought out the deadly sin of which Ministers can never be acquitted, while reflecting on the so-called "Belfast ring"—and thus on the Anglo-Scot—a light as fierce as he flung over Dublin Castle. The situation is far from new. We may trace its lineaments in Spenser's *View of the Present State of Ireland*, registered for publication in April, 1598, no less than three hundred and twenty years ago. Even then the "reducing of that savage nation to better government and civility" had been the subject of "good plots devised, and wise counsels cast already"; there was talk of Ireland's "fatal destiny," of the "very genius of the soil," of the Almighty's intention to reserve her "in this unquiet state for some secret scourge which shall by her come unto England"; and men of "great wisdoms" often wished, as some do now, "that all that land were a sea-pool"; which, observes the poet, is "the manner rather of desperate men far-driven, to wish the utter ruin of that they cannot redress, than of grave counsellors." Again, the old Irish and the successive families of invaders whom they absorbed are said to "look after liberty and shake off all government," clearly a foreboding of latter-day Sinn Féin. But what of the dominant Anglo-Scots? "These," remarks Irenæus to my delight, "do need a sharper reformation than the very Irish, for they are much more stubborn and disobedient to law and government." And now, as then, we may inquire with Eudoxus, "but as for those garrisons which ye have now so strongly planted throughout all Ireland, and every place swarming with soldiers, shall there be no end of them?"

Spenser replies in effect, "there shall be no end." His cure for the anarchy which he depicted in the darkest colours was more "plantation," the dispersal of the ancient tribes and the triumph of English law and English tenures. "For that is the evil," he tells his imaginary friend, "which I now find in all Ireland—that

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the Irish dwell together by their several septs and nations, so as they may practise and conspire what they will ; whereas if there were English shed amongst them and placed over them they should not be able once to stir or murmur, but that it should be known and they shortened according to their demerits." This desirable "shortening" was to be hastened by breaking up and deporting the tribes which were accused of rebellion, especially in Ulster ; and rapt into future times, the bard exclaimed, "all the lands I will give unto Englishmen whom I will have drawn thither," under whom Irish tenants, "dispersed wide from their acquaintance," should hold lands allotted to them for a certain rent. The same was to be done in Connacht, with local differences ; but everywhere "escheating" (a word apt to be shorn of its first syllable by rebels) or forfeiture to the Crown, was to play its part in ousting old native claims and reducing the country under English law. "Moreover," continues the poet, "I will appoint to every one that is not able to live of his freehold, a certain trade of life, to which he shall find himself fittest and shall be thought ablest, the which trade he shall be bound to follow and live only thereupon." English landlords, Irish serfs, agricultural and industrial, with severe rules on the "keeping of cows," as being of itself a very idle life and a "fit nursery of a thief"—we see the whole scheme, curiously resembling what has in our own days been held up to reprobation as the Servile State. This people were to be "tithed and ordered, and every one bound unto some honest trade"; the tribesman lost his rights on the land of his fathers, becoming a rack-rented-farmer in a strange district, the tenant of a foreign chief, or else a wage-earner at the mercy of a capitalist large or small ; but in either case he owned nothing except his labour and what he could save out of these earnings. He had been a free man within the tribe, wearing its name as his badge. He was degraded into a proletarian standing alone, like the "broken man" of earlier ages, and his very name was deliberately altered to the designation of a handicraft, a personal defect, or a

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by-word, so that his place and his people should know him no more.

All these things we meet in Spenser's prophetic pages. The feudal system was always tending to disendow and disinherit the tribe. When it decayed, the power of the Crown, acting through Parliament and its own Courts of Law, increased greatly, and the mediæval noble was converted after the Wars of the Roses into a mere landlord, whose duties have since been merged into the single charge of a rent-receiver. At the same time, common rights, easy to attack and costly to defend, without any distinct authorities to protect them in many cases, were stolen all over these Islands, made into private property, and the theft of them legalized. The modern State has completed what the feudal régime began. Except by devices like entail, and by the accident of intestacy, the family as such has no claim to ownership of real or even of personal estate before English law. It is not an incorporated entity ; it cannot restrain the extravagance of any of its members ; it is hardly recognized in legislation save where the Poor Law tries, ineffectively for the most part, to compel faulty or absconding parents to support their infant children. To give my total impression of a fact which seems to me amazing, but is everywhere in our country taken for granted, the British family is not an economic unit. Whatever shadow it retains of a legal right to existence is not a claim on property but a plea of destitution. English law holds out to a starving family "the House." And from time to time, rather than go into the House, the family commits suicide.

Am I straying far from my subject, which is "the Land of Erin" ? Not for an instant ; I am bringing together the two ends of a chain. It is certain in our books of Catholic jurisprudence that the people of a country have a right to the land of that country. In what shape is their right to be realized ? Do they possess the land as individuals, as families, or as the nation ? These questions, if any, are fundamental. Yet our school-histories overlook them ; and the millions who stifle in our huge cities

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hardly know what they mean. The law, which passes by the family as though men were born of stocks and stones, recognizes that the individual has a right to his own person, but none to the land except by purchase, grant from the Crown, inheritance, or gift. If he wants to exist in a definite place, outside a prison or a workhouse, he, or some kind friend, must pay for that place. All this appears too absurdly comical to be true; yet such is the law of England. "Home, sweet home" is not even a legal fiction; the native Briton in his mere British capacity has no home. *A fortiori*, no land belongs to him, and none to his tribe. Land-owning is the accident of good fortune past or present; in one view it is mainly private possession; in another, that on which I am now dwelling, it is the sport of chance, but does not imply any right to it grounded in the nature of the man or the citizen. Actual holding of a single yard of the earth's surface is not, therefore, among the Rights of Man known to this free nation. Nor has he any right to its products beyond those of a pauper, to which on his part, if he is able-bodied, corresponds the duty of enforced and allotted labour. Thus have we come down at last to the bed-rock, the true foundation above which the modern Servile State raises its towering form.

No better account of the two schemes in dispute need be attempted than the summary given by Mr. Jeudwine; a little compressed: "Under the older system," he writes, "the poorest tribesman even in the moment of his greatest difficulty was the free co-owner of the common land, of which with the others he had the use. When the feudal ownership of land, supplanting the communal society, put the lord in control of all lands not leased by him to tenants, and destroyed the ties of kinship upon which the communal ownership rested, the free as well as the unfree tribesman tended gradually to sink into the unfree condition, more and more dependent on the will of the lord, and, like the Englishman of the present day, more and more separated from the soil."

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Of these contrasted politics, the communal was that which antedated the Roman Empire by many centuries and thrived outside it, while the personal, in whatever form, went back to the Roman Law. And since our standard histories have been derived from Latin sources and follow the tradition of the Imperial lawyers, we are taught to call the tribal system "Barbarism," but the system of unchecked private ownership of land "Civilization." Another consequence of our narrow school-training is that we make agriculture the chief or the only test of value when we consider the produce of the soil; we think of the forest-land as waste, that is to say, non-productive; and we attribute to mediæval English kings a mad passion for hunting over such wastes—which, indeed, we still dedicate to the sporting leisure of landlords, and of those to whom landlords let them. By equivocation of terms and misuse of legal formulas we are led to a dangerously untrue interpretation of the past, ending in that false idea now widespread whereby an estate in land becomes just a commodity like this year's harvest, absolutely at its owner's disposal, though it include the whole of a county, the square miles on which great industrial cities have grown up, or the amenities for want of which urban dwellers find themselves condemned to an inferno of squalor, smoke, and gloom. Who now, even among lawgivers, sets in the foreground of his thinking on these matters the rights of public or common possession? Parliament is well known to be the meeting-place where private interests fight their battles out and the nation has but rare representatives. Individualism and monopolies rule the day.

If knowledge comes of comparison, few recent volumes which deal with land in its historical aspects will bring us more light than the book which I am strongly recommending. In its five hundred large pages we can study the vicissitudes of the Tribe at death-grapples with the State; for this, after all, is its tragic theme. We learn, also, how climate and soil, not race, determined whether a given portion of territory should be put under the

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plough, or left in pasture, or set apart for timber ; and by what elemental conditions the changes of tenure in these British Islands came about. We are made to see clearly that the Roman Church with its religious orders, succeeding to the Roman Empire with its legions, carried on the same work of transformation, and in baptizing the clan affected most profoundly, by this new birth, its primitive idea of kinship. The monk and the nun belonged to an order which was not founded on ties of blood ; the Church, international, heaven-sent, owning no local chief's supremacy, consecrated the merely secular claims of an imposing system of law, before which unwritten customs and the rude symbols whereby they were proved in each particular agreement had small power to maintain their pleading. Monasticism itself accepted the feudal system ; and in its tenures, sheltered from the fury of wars, not liable to extinction for want of heirs, we discern a stability far excelling the unquiet succession of noble families ever at feud with one another. Most of the great English peers fell in the struggles of the Red and White Roses ; but the monasteries were not touched, and but for Henry VIII they might be flourishing now on their ancient sites. In Ireland every clan strove to keep a hold on the Church after some peculiar fashion ; but the Canon Law was more sacred than the Brehon Law ; religion dictated a certain freedom in disposing of property ; and there as elsewhere the ecclesiastical domain limited the secular. When Henry II invaded the country, we know that he put forward the double pretext of reforming the Irish Church and civilizing the natives. That legend of Hadrian IV's donation (whatever be its historical value) means in fact that Ireland lay outside the Western world by reason of the old-time institutions to which it clung. Now it accepted the Anglo-Norman Sovereign as its overlord, and at the same time recognized in solemn synod, at Cashel in 1172, the Canon Law of Christendom.

But, as Mr. Jeudwine shows, the fatal difference between English and Irish feudalism began with Henry's departure, and has never since been healed. To the

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warring clans an Ardrigh or King above all was indispensable, as to the feudal system a strong military chief present at its centre. By the Norman invasion Ireland had lost her native Ardrigh, getting in exchange an absentee English overlord. This, more than aught which has happened since 1172, was her undoing. It led by sheer necessity to the conflict of three divided powers, none capable of subduing the others or willing to be reconciled with them. From that year we follow in a kind of impotent rage the story which exhibits the old Irish, the Irish-English, and the Government in London, at odds century after century, down to the Convention which sat for months over against the Parliament House on College Green and broke up without coming to a conclusion. Henry of Anjou was not only the most powerful but the wealthiest king in Europe. He held the Western sea-coasts and dominated the trade-routes. Hence, looking mainly to the Continent, he gave up Ireland as a prey into the hands of adventurers; and his successors followed his example. The consequences might have been foreseen. Neither natives nor invaders were governed by the Paramount Power, except at brief and distant intervals, during the three centuries and a half which divided the reign of Henry VIII from that of his Plantagenet ancestor. The clans adhered to their "barbarous" land-tenure, their customs of succession, their tanistry and gavel-kind, their fosterage, coyne, and livery, their unenclosed "waste" or "mountain," their law of eric, by which a tribe paid or received compensation for the life of a man—in short, they were not conquered but in name, and they had no true King. What of the adventurers? All the world has heard about them in a proverb, "*Hibernis ipsis Hiberniores.*" They were a handful living away from the country whence they came, and they yielded to that strange influence known as the Celtic charm. It is something undoubtedly real; but in sober prose we may say with Froude that the Norman Irish, as years went on, "were tempted by their convenience to strengthen themselves by Irish alliances, to

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identify their interests with those of the native chiefs . . . to prefer the position of wild and independent sovereigns, resting on the attachment of a people whose affections they had gained by learning to resemble them, to that of military lords over a hostile population, the representatives of a distant authority, on which they could not rely."

In this manner we pass, through a dwindling English Pale, from "King John's Charter" to "King James's sword." With invincible conviction, the old Irish never would abandon their claim on the land by a right more primitive than feudal tenures. I remember seeing in the County Galway set up under a railway arch the "shack" or hovel of an evicted peasant, which he had built there by way of watch-tower upon the acres whence he had been thrust out. It seemed to me a parable of his race and their spiritual grip on the land of their fathers. The clans did prosper at times not a little; the Thirteenth Century was marked by an expanding trade, a flourishing agriculture; and the miscalled waste supplied milk, honey, game in abundance, while fisheries gave of their kind, and home industries went on of themselves. The tribal existence has everywhere been favourable to poetry and romance; in the native Church there was room for learning; the Celtic charm worked, with such force indeed that one pattern of living prevailed all through the Island, despite mediæval Parliaments of Kilkenny and fierce edicts forbidding the absorption of the minority which they could not check. No doubt, as the soil fell under cultivation, it tended to become capital; the custom of written wills and of gifts to pious purposes proves that individual possessions were increasing; the "unfree man," whether Jew, outlaw, or captive taken in war, prophesied from afar of a landless proletariat; and though, or because, Ireland took no part in any Crusade, there was fighting enough within her borders, but scarcely more than you might have looked upon elsewhere in the ages of small States and petty local conflicts, such as the feudal system not less than the tribal encouraged. Down on all this seething world of strife the Reformation fell.

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It brought innumerable changes ; and to Ireland a series of "godly conquests," where "business and piety" walked hand in hand. It opened the era of great and sweeping "escheatments" followed by "plantations" of newer English to replace the degenerate Normans in Munster ; of Scots in Ulster and Cromwellians in Tipperary, until the whole of the country had been confiscated in substance over and over again.

Irish Catholics will agree with Mr. Jeudwine that "no greater catastrophe has ever overcome the European world than the Reformation" ; but they are not likely to think it was inevitable. What they know and feel is that, by adding a religious pretext to the otherwise patent motive of greed, it has helped these hordes of robbers to cover up their injustice under specious words. "For what can be more pleasant to God," wrote one of the pious pilgrims, "than to gain and reduce in a Christian-like manner a lost people to the knowledge of the Gospel ? . . . And what can be more honourable to princes than to enlarge the bounds of their Kingdoms without injury, wrong, and bloodshed, and to frame them from a savage life to a civil government ? . . . And what can be more beneficial to a commonweal than to have a nation and a kingdom to transfer unto the superfluous multitude of fruitless and idle people (here at home daily increasing), to travel, conquer, and manure another land which, by the due intercourses to be devised, may and will yield infinite commodities ?" I take this perfect quotation from one of the most valuable contributions offered in late years to the unravelling of the Irish problem—Mrs. J. R. Green's *The Making of Ireland, and Its Undoing*. As a piece of literature, that fine study, passionate and true, deserves praise beyond any mere compliment ; and as the history of multiplied wrongs done in the name of religion, culture, progress—ay, and freedom !—it should be read from beginning to end by every Englishman who meddles with Irish affairs. The author speaks in earnest tones of our duty, now in some degree fulfilled by Mr. Jeudwine's publications, to "rescue the

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memory of noble men, Irish and Anglo-Irish—who built up the civilization that once adorned their country.” And she reminds us that “the Irish of to-day have themselves suffered from the calumny of their dead.” They suffer still. The war of violence, succeeded by the war of chicane, as Burke noted, gave rise also to the war of contempt, with a remarkable effect on the English policy, so that no minister in London, nor any officer of Dublin Castle, however well meaning, has learnt how to approach the people of Ireland as he ought. Our country does not ask for sympathy or sentiment; she demands justice—justice to her claims as a nation, to her character as a Christian civilized society, not unworthy of independence nor incapable of self-government.

But the Reformation came; and these “hitherto neglected barbarians,” as Froude styles them, adding that “for such a country only one form of government could succeed, a military despotism,” were now to learn how utterly behind the times was the religion they had received from St. Patrick. The Catholic faith, like the tribal idea, must give place to a Protestant ascendancy, armed with two swords—the sword of battle and the sword of law. Not as if in the Mediæval period English intolerance was unknown. The Church of the Pale had never any room for the “mere Irish.” It held of Canterbury not of Armagh. This Erastian policy, however, won a hundred-fold more vigour when Penal Laws anticipated and followed confiscation of large domains on the pretext of treason. We may date the new and long enduring reign of the Irish Terror from the year 1534, which was notable for the rising of Silken Thomas with his Geraldine kinsfolk against Henry VIII, now Head of the Church in all his dominions. Silken Thomas failed; with his five uncles he was beheaded on Tower Hill; and the Papacy could henceforth reckon among its most devoted adherents a people to whom Henry, Luther, and Calvin brought only a message of unexampled suffering. Neither should we credit the English who swarmed across the Channel, “a multitude of fruitless and idle people,” with any con-

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suming zeal to bestow on the clans they were robbing and reducing to proletarians a share in the latest Evangel. By submission to the Royal Supremacy, no doubt, the old Celtic princes might have made terms for themselves; by accepting titles of nobility they were enabled, like the great Highland chieftains, to appropriate all that their tribe held from time immemorial under the common right. This way was occasionally pursued. A simpler method became the general policy, by which legal oppression led to resistance, resistance to open war, war to ravage and rapine after the natives had been overthrown; and then followed forfeiture, plantation, deportation, as the cry went, to "Hell or Connacht."

Of enthusiasm for the conversion of Ireland to the English creed we do not find more than scanty traces; but while the pretence of it appears in public documents and official correspondence the Government always assumed, says Mr. Jeudwine, that the Irishman was an inferior evil-minded creature, and that trickery, treachery, and charges of disloyalty were the best and the only means of dealing with him. "Officials of the Sovereign in Ireland," he declares, "did not consider it good diplomacy to keep their word with the Irish in any matter." Again, "no effort was made to draw the Irish to the English level by honest treatment and good rule"; they were looked on as savages to be expelled from their lands for the benefit of adventurers or of a soldiery whose pay was in arrears. That faith was not to be kept with Papists followed as a corollary on the previous doctrine that the clansmen had no standing before English law. Their own law went for nothing. Spenser defines the Brehon system as "a rule of right unwritten, but delivered by tradition from one to another, in which oftentimes there appeareth great show of equity in determining the right between parties, but in many things repugning quite to God's law and man's." Hereupon J. A. Froude designates it "a convenient system, which was called Law, but which in practice was a happy contrivance for the composition of felonies." Quite obviously, neither Spenser the

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Elizabethan nor Froude the Victorian had taken pains to comprehend a tradition so far removed from the "man's law" with which they were acquainted.

Deeper students, among them Mr. Jeudwine, are not slow to recognize in the Brehon decisions a remarkable fitness, considering the type of society in question, and even a "modernity" which would make not a few of them adaptable to our democratic era. And that they were effective instruments of prosperity cannot be denied. The famines and desolation which hung about the steps of the English invader during those frightful wastings of the Desmond territories or of the O'Neill country serve to bring out, says Mr. Jeudwine once more, "the strength of the Irish communal society as shown by its powers of recovery from destruction." The words which follow are striking, and they deserve a place in all future histories of Ireland. "For the very men," continues my author, "who tell of these horrors are filled with admiration at the extraordinary capacity of the Irish for agriculture and the pastoral life. Its desolation has come from the determination of the English to destroy that system." And he maintains that "The Anglo-Scottish invader, through a series of centuries, reduces Ireland to a desert; each time the earth in the hands of the Irish cultivator refuses his rule of desolation and famine, and again proves the fertility of the soil, and the energy and skill of the cultivator. Yet the Anglo-Scot, like Ahasuerus or Darius cannot change his methods. Why is this?" He answers in a pregnant phrase, "The difficulties of Ireland are . . . the ultimate sequence of an economic movement."

Not fundamentally, therefore, a religious or a racial problem, the Irish question, to be seen in its true light, should be stripped bare of confusing disguises like the legend of the Celt who will not work and of the Catholic who will not advance. For the Celt works hard enough in the lands to which he has emigrated; and as regards the Catholic, who was it that created the wonders of mediæval civilization? Is culture something strange to Italians,

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from whom we have received it twice over, first when we were made Christians, and a second time at the Renaissance ? But more. From the extensive researches upon which Mr. Jeudwine has been so long engaged, and from the story of land-holding in the British Islands here admirably sketched, it is clear that we are dealing with four distinct series of facts and ideas. What, then, do I mean ? I mean that we must begin by taking into account the movement of population from East to West, never totally suspended ; the tribal society by which in the main it has been brought to pass ; the feudal system as not only calling out a military force, but as thereby setting up a peculiar tenure of land with social institutions corresponding ; and springing up out of the decay of feudalism an unlimited freedom of contract among individuals, in virtue of which, on the one side, an absolute private property in land is recognized, and, on the other, land becomes a commodity in the market to be bought and sold for a price like any manufactured article. The vast cycle of emigration goes from Pacific to Atlantic, crosses the Ocean, traverses America, to reach the Western shores of that wide water on whose Eastern boundary it began. In the course of ages the folk-wandering discovered Ireland.

“ When Erin first rose from the dark-swelling flood,” it was fitted to be and soon became a forest, the Island of Woods in mythic tale and song. The tribes that entered it lived by hunting, fishing, the breeding of kine, and learnt in course of ages to raise crops ; but, whatever might be their manner of life, they held the land in common and used it under bonds to the clan, from which it could never be alienated. This was the polity of non-Romans which Tacitus describes in his *Germania*. The Irish and their cousins the Highlanders, dwelling on the fringes of the West, never subdued by Rome, naturally clung to the institutions in which they were brought up, even after the great and universal Roman Church planted in the midst of them another system derived from the Imperial Law. But when feudal robbers broke in, and mediæval lawyers backed them up, and the native Ardrigh

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disappeared, and the English overlord was a perpetual absentee, there ensued a doubtful struggle, in which for more than two hundred years it seemed uncertain which system would triumph—the old communal or the later feudal. And the feudal, in fact, gave way. At the date of the Renaissance, “as a military force it was dead, as a foundation for social life it was antiquated and unreal, while the persistency with which the Irish social system continued to absorb the Anglo-Irish garrison, in spite of the efforts of each successive Viceroy to put it down, would appear to lend it the advantage of survival.” To this conclusion Irish circumstances strongly pointed in the year 1515, when, according as was reported to Henry VIII, some sixty independent chieftains, great and small, had parcelled the country out between them.

So, however, it was not to be. Ireland, separated by many leagues of ocean from the European Continent, and practising a form of society almost everywhere else extinct in the West, might have lived her own life in seclusion, had she not tempted the bold and unscrupulous spirits who looked for great gains nearer home than America. These were the new English, wielding as they pretended the sword of the Lord and of Gideon—a sword, at any rate, with which they hewed down the natives, made a clearance of their holdings, and beat into serfdom as many as they had not slain. Religious bigotry gave to these marauding adventures the air of Protestant crusades. Moreover, the influence of the Crown, much enhanced by “breaking the bonds of Rome,” was thrown always on the side of the adventurers, from whose exactions the Courts would not protect an injured Irishman. Quite the contrary, indeed. It is impossible to read without loathing how defenceless and peaceable subjects, against whom no crime was alleged, underwent the loss of their land by sentence of English judges, who demanded of them deeds of registration which the Courts themselves deliberately neglected to draw up. But all things conspired one way; “Ireland was planted because the Anglo-Scots wanted the fertile lands and took them.”

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Hence the Elizabethan wars, of which Lecky writes, "they were carried on with a ferocity which surpassed that of Alva in the Netherlands, and has seldom been exceeded in the pages of history." Hence the repeated attacks on independent Ulster—a tissue of treacheries and villainies, with every circumstance of horror—which ended in the flight of O'Neill and O'Donnell, whereby a whole fruitful province lay open to be seized at the word of James I, into the hands of English "undertakers." The Ulster difficulty, with its consequences reaching far and wide from Berlin to Washington, represents uncounted wrongs done to the original owners of the soil. But hence, also, the two great confiscations which finally brought down the mass of the people to utter poverty, associated with the names of Cromwell the Puritan and William of Orange, the Deliverer. A parallel series of enactments, the Penal Laws and the industrial restrictions, struck right and left, disabling Catholics lest they should recover any part of the land violently taken from them, and Protestants in Ireland, lest they should be fortunate rivals of English commerce, trade, and manufactures. The Paramount Power could not govern its old or its new Irish subjects wisely. The "men of the Pale" refused the benefits of a changed and fluent condition of society to the natives they had plundered, who must sink to the lowest grade, and beg, emigrate, or die of hunger. Famines were the penalties inflicted on anarchy; but the creators of anarchy were the rulers and lawgivers themselves.

Beyond such a climax of misgovernment it is impossible to rise. Nothing equal to it, so far as I have read in history, was ever seen. But a very wonderful story remains to be told; how the communal Irish, defeated and dispossessed, would not lose heart or die away, but persisted in living, in multiplying, and in hoping, until they had won back to themselves at home a large proportion of the land, smiting at the same time the landlord system into ruin, and abroad calling up to existence a Greater Ireland, which was to become a power in more than one continent.

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It is not the Irish that have failed. Their Brehon Law, with its modernity, its "common user of land," its limitation of private rights in what is public property, and, to gather all in a word, its identification of the people with the land as their life-endowment, is it not likely to get more and more recognition as the homeless millions demand a place they can call their own? Feudal tenures have been long out of date; unlimited control by individuals of the public resources cannot be reconciled with freedom, nor will it endure. The rights of the family are sacred; but the Servile State enslaves it and proletarian poverty threatens it. In the battle of ideas Ireland, which stands for home, liberty, and religious faith, has taken the winning side.

WILLIAM BARRY.

THE REAL AND THE UNREAL

A RECENT number of this REVIEW contained a strongly yet delicately written appreciation of Mr. Ronald Knox's *Spiritual Æneid*. Books of this kind always are of living interest because they describe a process which perpetually repeats itself, the gradual awakening from a dream to reality, with its passage through the strange period when the dreamer knows that he is dreaming, but is not yet awake. The *Confessions of St. Augustine* belong to this family, and Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, and Newman's *Loss and Gain*, and *Apologia*. The dreams are various, as the dreamers. It may be a dream of pleasure and ambition, or, conversely, like that of Dr. Faust, of learning and knowledge, or the dream of love of some unworthy and betraying person, or cause, or system of philosophy, or religion. Mr. Knox's dream was the Anglican theory of the Catholic Church. The complete Rationalist, who has been bred a Catholic, also seems to himself, no doubt, to have awakened from a dream, which still, perhaps, haunts him as no other can, and often, in his last years, brings him back to itself, because, as we should say, it is no dream, but Reality.

What is Reality? Professional metaphysicians may deem it too simple a definition—ours is but a layman's philosophy—but, as it seems to the present writer, the Real is that which exists, the Unreal that which does not exist. *Verum est id quod est*. The opposite to *Esse* is *Non-Esse*, and there is no middle term between them, although there is in *Esse* every shade and degree of completeness and incompleteness. Unreal and non-existent are interchangeable terms, but there are degrees of realization. A true conception is the conception of a thing as existing which does exist, and of its realization in so far as it is realized. *Veritas est adæquatio rei et intellectus*. Truth is a thing or object adequately apprehended. Some objects are so great that they can be only

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dimly apprehended or expressed, although their reality is truly felt. An untrue conception is the conception of a thing as existing which does not exist, or of a thing as highly realized which is in fact hardly realized at all. There is no falsity in such a conception if it is an openly avowed work of imagination, like an imaginary city, or person, in a poem or romance, or picture. But if the conception takes the form of statement of alleged fact, when there is no such fact, then it is a non-truth or an error, due, usually, to the desire that there should be such a fact. This desire is the witches' cauldron, out of which arise continually countless phantasms, or unreal appearances. If this were not so it would be needless to write these truisms. But millions of men seem to confuse these two axioms, "That which is, is," and "That which is not, is not."

London is a real existent thing; so is Paris; so is Berlin. But if I imagine a city composed of London, Paris, and Berlin, I imagine something unreal. Such a city may be an ideal; it is not a fact. To say that London, Paris and Berlin make one city, or that England, France and Germany make one political State, would be to make an untrue statement. Everyone would admit this. Yet many assert, in this country, that the Church of Rome, the Anglican Church and other Churches (with a general disagreement as to which) throughout the world make up and compose "One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church." In the language of those who hold this, the Catholic Church so constituted is said to act, speak, command, etc., as a whole and organic being, when, as a matter of fact, nothing of the kind takes place. This is a false way of speaking. If it is said that the Church centred at Rome asserts this, or commands that, or if the same statement is made as to the Church of England, or the Presbyterian Church of Scotland, or the Lutheran of Prussia, or the Church of Russia, the statement may be verifiably true, because it is made of societies, with more or less definite organs of speech and of action.

From the earliest Christian times downward there has

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been a controversy between those who held to the central, living, and organic Catholic Church of which the See of Rome was gradually and increasingly clearly recognized as the divinely commissioned centre, and those, on the other side, who were divided from that Church by this or that event or opinion, and maintained a different definition of the Catholic Church. This division was as clear in the controversy of St. Augustine with the Donatists as it is to-day. The history of this "different definition" reminds one of the conflict in Virgil's poem between the shepherd Aristæus and Proteus, the old sea-shepherd :

Ille, suæ non immemor artis,
Omnia transformat sese in miracula rerum,
Ignemque, horribilemque feram, fluviumque liquentem.
Verum, ubi nulla fugam reperit pellacia, victus
In sese redit.

Hold firmly this Proteus of an imaginary Catholic Church, and it must after all its transformations appear in its true character of non-esse, non-existence, an unembodied Ideal, an unrealized idea.

The Wittenberg Confession of 1537, almost exactly followed by the corresponding Anglican Article, runs :

We judge from the authority of sacred Scripture and the ancient fathers that there is a Catholic and Apostolic Church, not bound to one certain place, or people, or to one certain kind of men, but that it is in that place or people where the Gospel of Christ is sincerely preached and His sacraments are rightly administered according to Christ's institution.

These words, adopted in Germany and in England, made the Catholic Church a matter of opinion, instead of an objective reality. There can be as many opinions as there are men as to the place or people where the gospel is sincerely preached, and the sacraments rightly administered. Obviously some more exact definition was necessary, and the successors of the first Protestants have tried to give it. Jurieu, a leading French Calvinist at the time of Louis XIV, wrote, in his controversy with Bossuet :

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"The universal Church has divided itself into two great branches, the Greek Church and the Latin Church. The Greek Church, before this great schism, was already sub-divided into Nestorians, Eutychians, Melchites and several other sects; the Latin Church divided into Papists, Vaudois, Hussites, Taborites, Lutherans, Calvinists." But, he adds, "these still form together the Universal or Catholic Church, and the only associations which are outside the Catholic Church are those which deny such fundamental doctrines as the Trinity or the Incarnation."

Thus this Calvinist excluded Socinians or Unitarians only. A little earlier, Archbishop Bramhall, the Irish Episcopalian, excluded Calvinists from the definition, but admitted Lutherans, even Lutherans of the non-episcopal kind. He knew "no reason why we should not admit Greeks and Lutherans to our communion, and Armenians, Abyssenes, Muscovites . . ." For the Lutherans he (*i.e.*, his Catholic opponent) "does them egregious wrong. Throughout the kingdoms of Denmark and Sweden they have their bishops, name and thing, and throughout Germany they have their superintendents."

Archbishop Bramhall was a "High Churchman" of his day, a friend of Laud and Strafford, but he would have seen no more objection to the proposal of a joint English and Prussian bishopric at Jerusalem, which so horrified Newman, than did the British and Prussian Governments in early Victorian days. The Oxford School of the Nineteenth Century repudiated all these constructions, and limited the definition of the Catholic Church to all those who obeyed Bishops having a soundly proved pedigree of "Apostolical Succession." These they held were divided into national, or racial provinces, notwithstanding the inconvenient presence in all of them of a Church not based on national or racial lines. The Protean doctrine is still changing shape. The most advanced fashion is to ignore national and organic Churches altogether, and to say that the Catholic Church consists of all duly baptized Christians. Many of these,

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however, are non-practising of Catholic rites and non-obedient to Catholic Bishops. Of those who are so practising and obedient, some find themselves, by birth or choice, under the jurisdiction of Bishops connected with the See of Rome, others under that of Bishops connected with the See of Canterbury ; or with the See of Constantinople, or other patriarchal Sees. They are Bishops of the Catholic Church, all of them, and it is a matter of indifference to which group any individual may belong. The patriotic old High Churchmen thought it the duty of an Englishman to belong to the Church of England as the national branch of the Catholic Church—to leave it was a sin or great error. The latest school attach little importance to this. It is a matter of taste, not one of vital importance. The Bishop of Zambesi, although bound by formal allegiance to the See of Canterbury, may find himself much more in accord with the Bishop of Rome than with the Bishop of Hereford, and may even be moved to ex-communicate the latter. The “Catholic Church,” on this basis, becomes a multitude of episcopal congregations, with all kinds of relations to each other, ranging from no inter-communion at all, as between Amiens and Rochester, and full and perfect communion, as between Rochester and London, or between Amiens and Westminster and Cologne. The rest of the world, so far as it is duly baptized, falls into the category of non-practising Catholic, so far as not duly baptized is outside the Catholic Church. How does this Catholic Church speak or act as one body ? The answer is that in consequence of difficulty in bringing all these conflicting Bishops into one Council, the Catholic Church does not so speak or act. There is a “temporary suspension of unity” in action which does not, however, destroy unity in essence. The Church is like a river, whose once single stream has been broken by intervening isles into channels of varying widths. In due time, it is hoped, the divided streams will re-unite ; meanwhile each drop of water had better flow on into the channel in which it finds itself, since it gains nothing by passing

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into another channel. An individual can, if he pleases, change from the "obedience of Canterbury" to that of Rome; there is no great harm in his doing so, but it is not worth his while. Only fancy that! What agonies of mind have so many converts gone through quite needlessly, if this complacent and self-satisfied theory be true! What soul-rending contests between attraction and fear, the call and the reluctance, have been waged in vain, what useless sacrifices have been made of fortune, friendship, even of life! It is a truly comfortable theory. It is indigenous to these islands and their dependencies, and is not found elsewhere. This, however, is the latest form of the Protean definition—no! there is one still later, viz., that Canterbury and York and their oversea Colonies are Catholic Provinces in a state of rebellion from the "Western Patriarchate," and that it is the business of those who remain in them to bring this to a close as soon as possible, and only to remain there for that purpose. This appears, from Mr. Knox's *Æneid*, to be the view of some few, and perhaps will become that of many more.

English people who hold the later forms of the "different definition" are nearer to Reality than their predecessors who held, as indeed most Englishmen still hold, the theory of National Branches. As children say in the game of looking for some obvious object "they are warmer now"—or, to change the metaphor, they are on the last stage of the road which will bring them to Rome, if only they follow it, and do not stay for good at the last inn. At present they confuse the actual and the potential, and are still deceived by imagination. They are like the secular politicians described by Balzac—the first Balzac of the reign of Louis XIII:

Ils mettent leurs avis à l'alembic et les réduisent à néant à force de les subtiliser. Ils évaporent en fumée les plus solides affaires. Disons que ce sont les Hérétiques d'Estat, qui veulent faire dans la Politique ce qu'Origène a fait dans la Religion. Ils suivent les ombres et les images des choses, au lieu de s'attacher à leurs corps et à leur réalité. Ils embrassent la vrai-semblance parcequ'ils l'ont peinte et embellie à leur mode, mais ils rejettent

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la Vérité à cause qu'elle n'est pas de leur invention, et qu'elle a son fondement en elle-même.

In one sense all persons duly baptized do belong to the Catholic Church. Ever since the contrary opinion of St. Cyprian was overruled, it has not been denied that baptism, although performed by persons outside the Catholic Church, is a valid sacrament. It is not, however, admitted that baptism, by itself, is enough to make a person, at the age of discretion, an actual member of the actual Catholic Church. You admit, said the Donatists to St. Augustine, you admit the validity of all our sacraments, especially of baptism ; we are then Catholics ; what do you, or can you, give us in addition if we become avowed members of your Communion ? St. Augustine answered : " If you do that, you lose nothing, we take nothing away ; we add to that which you already possess ; we give to you the Catholic Church which makes sacraments truly fruitful, and is in itself the great sacrament of unity." The same great thinker says, "*Nihil est Esse quam unum esse. Itaque in quantum quidque adipiscitur unitatem in tantum est.*" "To exist is nothing else than to be one : therefore, in so far as anything acquires unity, it to that extent exists."

Absolutely speaking, in Augustine's view, *Esse* and God are convertible terms ; God is *Esse* and *Esse* is God. In so far as anything partakes of *Esse* it partakes of the divine being. In his book, *De Moribus Manichæorum*, Augustine says :

That above all is to be called *Esse* which always possesses itself in the same way, which in every way is like to itself, which can in no part be corrupted or changed, which is not subject to time, which cannot hold itself now otherwise than it held itself before . . . For under this word *Esse* lies the signification of a Nature abiding in itself and incommunicably possessing itself. This we can call nothing else but God.

And its opposite, he adds, can only be Non-*Esse*, not, as the Manichæans said, a rival *Esse* of dark power.

In so far as anything acquires unity, it to that extent exists. A pile of bricks lie in a heap. Each brick has a

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unity in itself, and so exists. The bricks are built and cemented into a wall; now the pile has unity and exists as a wall, which has its own unity. Other walls are added, and a roof; so the wall becomes part of a larger unity, a temple or palace, and so exists in a higher degree, as part of a greater whole. Destroyers come in time, pick-axe in hand, and reduce the building or part of it to non-existence.

Tota ruit Babylon, destruxit tecta Lutherus,
Mænia Calvinus, sed fundamenta Socinus.

These Reformers hoped to destroy the *Esse* of the Church, but failed, because it was, though human, yet divine. Because it was human they partly succeeded. They could not destroy its essence or life, but they lopped off some of its members.

The ideal of the Catholic Church is unity completely realized, that is, according to St. Augustine, *esse* or existence as complete as life on earth permits. The ardent desire of Catholics to convert others is due to their pursuit of this ideal, the desire to realize a higher degree of *Esse*. Within the existing Catholic Church there is a high degree of realization, and this is why it has the attractive, magnetic power always emanating from the Real; but if one regards first Christendom, and then the human race, there is a low degree of realization. The world, regarded either as a political or an ecclesiastical whole, is not far from Non-*Esse*. But those who are not actual are potential Catholics, if not *de facto* yet *de jure*. By right they belong to the fold as lost sheep belong to the owner. In this sense all the baptized, and the not baptized also, belong to the Catholic Church, whose visible and divinely commissioned Centre is the Chair of St. Peter.

Those who like to give to a vague and undefined Christendom the name of the "Catholic Church" are, of course, at liberty to do so. Everyone is free to make his own definitions. This is not, however, what Augustine and all other real Catholics of his time meant when they

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spoke of the Catholic Church, excluding from it even mere schismatics like the Donatists, who possessed unchallenged apostolical episcopal succession and sacraments. If we err, we at least err in good company. It is best, after all, to shun vague, misty phrases, to look straight at the object, and speak of things as they are, and not as men may think they should be, or wish them to be. There are now, and some think it a good thing, a number of real, distinct and independent religious societies in the Christian world. One of them claims to be exclusively the Catholic Church, the central, divinely founded society of unbroken descent from which the rest, Greek, Lutheran, Calvinist, Anglican have, at different times, broken off. This claim the other societies deny, and say that they are equally part of the Catholic Church, although they by no means all admit each other's claims. These other societies are real enough in their own way. Men who have lived in the atmosphere of Anglicanism have constantly said, after they had passed into the Catholic Church, that they felt that they had stepped out of a dream into reality. Why is this? The Church of England is not a dream; anything but. It is a concrete reality, substantially embodied. It is not because such men have left the Church of England, but because they have left a theory of the Catholic Church behind them. They awake, and lo! it was but a dream. The theory, not the Church of England, was the dream.

The mischief is that men, by constantly using such abstract phrases as the "Catholic Church" in the non-definite sense, induce themselves to believe that the imaginary or ideal is the actual. They substitute words for things, a deadly habit. It is like the habit of taking drugs to produce pleasing illusions. The habit may spread to other spheres, and deeply injure a nation. Things are what they are, and their consequences will be what they will be, and those who look at things as they are will, in the end, defeat those who look at them as they would like them to be. The real Catholic and the real Rationalist are, both of them, likely to be more

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decided and logical in action than the half-and-half Protestant. Nothing, says Augustine, is more unfortunate than the man who is dominated by his own fictions: "*Nihil infelicius est homine cui sua dominantur figmenta.*" And what else than fictions are these ever-changing theories of what is the Catholic Church? They are like mists wreathing about an Alpine rock-wall. From time to time there is a rent, and the rock is seen standing there, as always, then the mists close round again, until they shall be dispersed by the rising Sun.

There are so many shades of opinion dividing those who dissent from the central Catholic Church that one must address each group in a different way. Suppose now that one is addressing one of that group of very advanced, "up-to-date" Anglicans to whom the amazed Catholic reader was introduced in the recent vivid book by Mr. Ronald Knox. What would one say? You accept all the doctrine and all the corresponding rites and devotions of the Catholic Church. You call yourself a member of a province of the Latin Church, or Western Patriarchate. You even admit the primacy of the Pope over the whole Catholic Church, though you hesitate as to his exact jurisdiction, and still, perhaps, retain some little inclination to make him but a magnified Archbishop of Canterbury. You admit that the Catholic Church will not, indeed by its whole nature cannot, recede from the position of the Vatican Council, or enter into negotiations, or compromises on essentials.

Urbem quam dicunt Romam, Melibœe, putavi
Stultus ego huic nostræ similem.

You feel this no longer. What excuse, then, have you for not enrolling yourself under the banner of the Central Catholic Church, and thus showing yourself to all the world to be that which you virtually are? Are you waiting, like Horace's rustic, to cross the river till all the water has flowed away! It will not flow away: this river is not a stream, dried up in summer, but comes, you well know, from springs in the eternal mountains. Are you

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waiting till all your friends cross in a body ? It is by yourself that you must make the plunge. Are you repeating to yourself the deceiving strain, "I am already a Catholic !" You are so, in one sense ; you belong of right, like all men, to the Catholic Church ; then humble your pride and submit to it. Awake, shake off the dream—

*Procul recedant somnia
Et noctium phantasmata.*

Are not your honesty and sincerity in danger ? You have to speak as though the Catholic Church, in your sense, had a voice, mind, policy, means of action, doctrine. You know that it has not. You use of it language which has no meaning save as used of a real and organic society. What is the reason that prevents you from coming ? A thousand excuses do not make one valid reason for resisting a call or heart-attraction, unless it is shown by the faculty of intelligence to be an appeal to the lower and not to the higher part of human nature. Virtue consists in resisting lower attractions, wisdom and heroism consist in yielding to the higher. It is not virtue to resist an attraction towards a society which has held the hearts and satisfied the minds of so many men of vast learning and saintly life. Those who have never felt the magnetic attraction can innocently stay where they were born ; no invitation has been issued to them. But what of those who have felt the invitation and have declined it ? Does any Church save the Catholic exercise this magnetic power ? Did any German, or Frenchman, or Italian ever feel irresistibly drawn to leave his own form of religion and unite himself with the Church of England, or the Church of Russia ? It was the temporary decrease in this magnetic power, due to failure in faith, which from time to time has caused schisms.

Men (says that excellent and too little known author Kenelm Digby) take leave of error with too much ceremony, they speak too much about their nation, about the world, seeming to forget that each one of us here, let the nation or the world believe, or not believe, has, as Carlyle says, a life of his own to lead, one life,

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a little gleam of time between two eternities, no second chance to us for evermore. You should therefore look to yourselves, and having once caught sight of truth, hoist all your sails to follow her, heedless of the nation, or of the world's remonstrance. If you must wait for all to follow, I fear, as Dante says,

"Your choice may haply meet too long delay."

Many will die regretting that they had not had the resolution to act in time. There is no greater remorse than for occasion not taken. Men feel less remorse for a sin than for a lost occasion, and rightly so, because the one can be expiated, but the other never recovered.

The men who drafted the definition of the Catholic Church in the Nicene Creed added the words "one" and "apostolic" to the definition in the Apostles' Creed. This they did, no doubt, in order to meet new "different definitions" in their own time. They knew well what objective reality they meant to express. So far as regarded the Militant Church on earth they meant that exclusive society then existing throughout the world, bound together by the active inter-communion of the faithful, and by the co-operation of the Bishops, under the admitted lead of the successor of St. Peter, not yet, no doubt, developed under the guidance of Providence, by processes then already working, into the fuller jurisdiction of later centuries. Those now in communion with Rome hold that, just as the divine nature of Christ was visibly and actually united with a human nature and body, so the soul of the Church is now actually and visibly incarnated in a real body which, with whatever imperfections, has all the parts and properties of a real body, the intellect, illumined and illumining, the will, through, or by, which decisions are transformed into action, the one voice, the active limbs. This incorporation is to us the very meaning of unity. We cannot accept the notion of an existing actual body which has many and often conflicting minds, wills, voices, limbs. This to us is a formless creature of the imagination, a *chimera bombinans in vacuo*,

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not a reality. If the Church centred at Rome and diffused throughout the nations is not the one realized Catholic Church, then, we say, the Catholic Church is non-existent as a reality, and there is but a collection of Churches. If, again, the Catholic Church does, in a certain sense, exist outside that society to which alone we give the name, then, we say, the only possible centre of visible re-union is that society to which we belong, having unbroken descent and world-wide extension, and held together by a common tie to one centre. The imperfect can be perfected, and the unrealized can be realized upon that and no other foundation.

The division of view is rooted deep. Throughout the controversies between Catholics and Protestants, as in those between Catholics and earlier dissentients, Catholics have stood for the real, concrete and objective, the body as well as the spirit, and have resisted subjective creations or emanations of the Intellect and the Imagination. The poetry of the Catholic religion rests, as all good poetry should, upon a solid foundation of prose. This was so in all the three great controversies, that as to the nature of Christ, that as to the nature of the Mass, and that as to the nature of the Church. As the term is used by those who variously protest against the claim of Rome, the Catholic Church is an abstraction not incarnated in living, visible, organic form. The Catholic Church which we obey is a living reality, not a dream or hypothesis or naked abstraction. It is a real soul and mind and will incarnate in a real body. This should appeal to a practical race, like the English, though it does not yet draw them in multitudes from their own national Church, which also has a corporate unity of its own, and is the spiritual home of many virtuous men and women, and a good abode for those whose hearts are not yet drawn to the true Catholic Church.

The world-wide society centred at Rome both asserts itself to be the realized Catholic Church, so far as it is realized, and also pursues the ideal aim of the Church as it should be, that to which all Christians should belong,

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and to which all non-Christians should be converted. This is the true relation between the actual and the ideal. One man may love and possess no actual woman, but be in love with an ideal of woman. Another may love and possess a beautiful woman, and also see in her the nearest possible living realization and embodiment in flesh and blood and mind and will and character, though inevitably incomplete, of the ideal woman. As a poet says :

Some living woman, not a mere ideal,
Must wear the outward semblance of his thought,
But still he is in love with an ideal ;
A creature of his own imagination.

He is in love with both, the ideal and the actual. Such is the feeling of the true Catholic towards the Catholic Church. He loves the actual, beautiful, attracting, energizing, living, life-giving being. But he desires also the ideal, the Catholic Church as it might be, perfected in every way and embracing all Christians in the bond of peace. His affection and allegiance is to the combined ideal and actual, the divine and the human, in one. The Church, like the true lover, steers a way between the formless ideal and the ideal-less form.

An idea not embodied in form and action is as unsatisfying as are form and action not inspired by an idea. The ideal alone, the naked ideal, can never satisfy the heart at all, precisely because it is not incarnate. The actual can never wholly satisfy because it inadequately embodies the ideal. "It is, in fact," says a great French author,* "the infinite which we love when we believe we love finite things, even in loving truth, beauty and virtue. The heart is insatiable because it aspires to infinity. This sentiment, this need of the infinite, is at the bottom of great passions and of the highest desires . . . There is, in the depth of the human soul, an infinite power of feeling and of loving, to which the whole world cannot respond. No mortal beauty seen near suffices to this insatiable power which it excites, but cannot satisfy . . .

* Victor Cousin.

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All natural forms, however beautiful, are only the images of a superior beauty which they do not realize. The ideal retreats always in proportion as one advances to approach it. This last term is in infinity, that is, in God."

This is true, more true than anything in the world, but there will be no disappointment if it is not forgotten that the Catholic Church is not an end but a means, the school of divine wisdom, the teacher of manners and morals, the instrument of adoration, the best guide or medium to the divine centre of all attraction. With all its imperfections in past and present (and the more these are frankly admitted the stronger our position) there is no better way to the end than that society to which all true Catholics belong. It bears them on like a great and well-kept road coming from far distant regions and leading to regions far ahead, and saves the wayfarers from a thousand errors in the true sense of that word, wanderings and time-wasting deviations, by-ways that lead nowhere. Why waste our brief space of life in vain explorations? The folly is clear to the man of sixty, though youth will have its fling. As the world itself grows old it will understand this better, and find rest in peace; home after wanderings. The Catholic definition of the Catholic Church seems to many excellent people to be hard, exclusive, uncharitable. It would not so seem if they could enter the Church and feel the ardent charity which longs to bring in and include those outside, especially those who are the nearest. It is an exclusive society, yet a would-be-all-inclusive. The Catholic is not the proud racial exclusiveness of the Jews, nor the caste exclusiveness of the Brahmins. Besides, the rigour of the doctrine is tempered, as Equity used to temper Common Law, by the saving doctrine that those who, in good faith, stay apart from the body of the Church, may yet belong to, or form part of, its soul or spirit. The Communion of Saints does not include many who are, and does include many who are not, within the body of the Church. But for the ordinary wayfarer the *Splendor Sanctorum* gleams fitfully. He needs for his travel and guidance the guarded

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highway of the central and universal Catholic Church. It is the great Roman road leading straight down through history. Why should not the English race, most honest of all races, rejoin this road? It would be an admirable benefit to the Church, and they would be happier and more tranquil, and would add to their natural virtues a certain touch that is wanting. Those, at least, should cross over who now stand on the very brink of the dividing river, "*tendentesque manus ripæ ulterioris amore.*" They could then speak and act with a sincere and quiet mind. Alas! there seems to be some spectral Charon, who

Nunc hos, nunc accipit illos,
Ast alios longe submotos arcet arenâ.

BERNARD HOLLAND.

EMILY HONORIA PATMORE

I

IF we carry in ourselves the key to our poets, and if it is our own experience that is their truest interpreter, yet sometimes a chance *tolle lege*, or another's hint at the true content of a poem, can carry us far—"A turn and we stand in the heart of things." Coventry Patmore's poetry is sometimes curiously baffling. Perception, or rather, to use his own favourite term, apprehension, is a requisite in his readers. But by a seeming paradox we have an illustration, almost an incarnation, of his word in his eldest daughter, Emily Honoria Patmore. She, as a nun of heroic holiness, *lived* his message. Very little is known of her except what is told in the admirable chapter devoted to Sister Mary Christina—her name in religion—in Mr. Champneys' biography of her father. Yet she should properly come into any critical valuation of his writings. She *was* what he tried to say.

The poet sees, first of all, that Love is the supreme and central Force of life ; and, beginning with an ideal human affection, he follows it slowly, but surely, to its source. The process is consistent and discernible through the profound simplicity of the *Angel in the House*, the sudden mount of the *Odes*, the intimate mystery of the *Eros* poems, and, later, in the significance of the prose essays and aphorisms of *Religio Poetæ* and *The Rod, the Root, and the Flower*. But Patmore went by the longer route. His daughter, by renunciation of what Mrs. Meynell calls "the detaining tenderness of secondary loves," achieved swiftly the wisdom that came to him by way of experiment. Their separate paths had all the difference of a roundabout pedestrian journey and the direct flight of a bird ; one went on foot, pausing to pick the flowers and taste the fruit on the way, to linger over the exceeding beauty of those "high hills of life" that were of his

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choosing, and soberly peer into and brood over the mystery of it all. The other took to herself wings of detachment and desire, and flew to the very source of Love. And of her something must be told in order to complete this attempt to interpret in some measure the most difficult and important of our modern poets.

The Angel in the House looks as simple as it is in reality subtle. In the very heart of love's mystery the poet discovers that human love is but a symbol of Love Divine, and that earthly marriage is only a shadow of some undreamed-of spiritual nuptials between the soul and God. In the midst of the rhapsodies on his newly won Angel (and let it be remembered that angel means messenger throughout), he abruptly breaks off:

Why, having won her, do I woo?
Because her spirit's vestal grace
Provokes me always to pursue,
But, spirit-like, eludes embrace . . .
Because, though free of the outer court
I am, this Temple keeps its shrine
Sacred to Heaven; because, in short,
She's not and never can be mine.

The germ of his philosophy lies in these lines. The idea is not new—it is as old as life, and is part of the theology of the Church. But where the old mystics received this light by way of infused knowledge, this man groped his way through a dim but apparently appointed process, and there is always a fresh flavour of discovery in his revelations.

From his first great poem, popular because of its surface qualities and subject, but seldom really understood, he passes on to *The Victories of Love*, its vistas widened by sorrow and sacrifice, thereby leading the exploring soul to vaster horizons. Then came the months of unmitigated but enlightening grief that followed the death of his wife, Emily Augusta Patmore. She had begged him to marry again for the sake of her young children, leaving in her will her wedding-ring to her successor. The Catholic lady who became a second mother to these

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children, and was the means of leading them and their father into the fullness of Faith, brought into his life the possibilities of a leisure which, till now, he had never enjoyed ; and the sixteen years of seclusion and internal growth that followed his conversion were in some respects the most important of the poet's life. They were passed in much prayer, genuine austerity, and intense inward experience, while his outer existence was that of a country gentleman of literary tastes. It was a time of tranquil fertility. The soul sees in the dark, is trained in the storm ; but it grows best in calm. Then began what might be called the second period of his poetic career, after these years of contemplation, daily Communion, and personal asceticism. The poems of this period subdivide themselves into (1) the Odes which might come under the head of *Tired Memory*, when the old grief, benumbed but not dead, finds expression in such expositions of the sense of loss as "The Azalea," "Departure," and "Tristitia" ; (2) the Odes of conscience and awakened spiritual perception, which are to some the most perfect specimens of his peculiar and soul-searching art. They wear well because, although difficult to the first glance, they yield meaning and light, and one may add, delight, more and more, as one becomes familiar with them. "Remembered Grace" could only have been written by one who knew the experience of sin forgiven in the Sacrament of Penance. In this profound poem, in "Victory in Defeat," "Faint yet Pursuing," and that masterpiece of simplicity in thought and subtlety in art, "Let Be," Patmore displays the Wordsworthian quality, pre-eminently his own, of expressing the inexpressible. He captures and crystallizes into luminous language the most real but elusive experiences of the soul. He was considered a proud man by those who did not know him ; but these poems are written out of a very abyss of humility, and that is why they ring so true. This part of his life might be called his Purgative Way.

Suddenly a change came. His visits to Lourdes in 1877, the vision of his saintly daughter becoming daily more and

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more the "love visible" of his maturer discoveries, the rapid growth of his own light, all combined to plunge his soul into the Illuminative Way; and as usual, he records the experience in a series of poems; these bore the title of *The Unknown Eros*. The little poem called "Vesica Piscis" is the connecting link between his earlier and later Odes. It is full of that exquisite mystery which the poet knew so perfectly how to express:

In strenuous hope I wrought,
And hope seem'd still betray'd;
Lastly I said,
"I have labour'd through the Night, nor yet
Have taken aught;
But at Thy word I will again cast forth the net!"
And, lo, I caught
(Oh, quite unlike and quite beyond my thought,
Not the quick, shining harvest of the Sea,
For food, my wish,
But Thee!
Then, hiding even in me,
As hid was Simon's coin within the fish,
Thou sigh'd'st, with joy, "Be dumb,
Or speak but of forgotten things to far-off times to come."

He has seen that the whole meaning of life is the desire of God to take possession of the soul He has left free. From his study of woman, he realizes that "the whole of life is womanhood to Thee"; that is, the ideal attitude of the soul to the Divine Lover is the feminine attitude of devotion and self-surrender. The essence of the spiritual marriage alluded to in the Old and New Testaments, and commented on in clear and emphatic language by St. John of the Cross and St. Teresa, lies in the union of the human will with the Divine; the yielding of the one thing the soul can call its own. In that supreme and sustained surrender is the whole of bliss in this life and the next. Neither is this a new discovery in regions of poetry. Dante, the great prototype of Patmore, has already written his immortal line:

E la sua voluntate è nostra pace,

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But he does not go so far in his explorations as does this English poet, who has to choose his own veiled language to convey a deeper truth to a far less simple and theological public than that of the stormy Italy of Dante's time. The veil he selects for his mystic message is the old fable of Eros and Psyche, which, like most ancient myths, contains a vital truth escaped from its home and gone wandering over a pagan world. The main idea is that Love is for the Soul and the Soul for Love, Love being Divine; and that all that the soul loves under other names—

Whom, by a frantic flight of courtesy,
Born of despair
Of better lodging for his Spirit fair,
He adores as Margaret, Maud, or Cecily.

—is in reality Love Itself in disguise, the disguise being taken for the Reality; and with many the mistake is not recognized in this life. To those who discern Love under Its disguise, the immortal Life has already begun. The poet's vision of what he tried to speak lies in the following texts:

"I have said: You are gods and all of you sons of the Most High. But you like men shall die." (Ps. lxxxii. 6.)

"Jesus answered them: Is it not written in your law, 'I said, you are gods?'" (St. John x. 34.)

"Dearly beloved, we are now the sons of God; and it hath not yet appeared what we shall be. Know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like to Him; because we shall see Him as He is. And every one that hath this hope in him, sanctifieth himself, as He also is holy." (1 St. John iii. 2.) Patmore paraphrases the first part of this passage in the lines:

Sons now we are of God, as we have heard,
But what we shall be hath not yet appear'd.

In the Offertory of the Mass, when the priest pours wine and water into the chalice, he says a prayer that we may have read over and over again without noticing its stupendous significance: "O God, Who didst wonder-

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fully constitute human nature, and still more wonderfully reform it ; grant that by the mystery of this water and wine we may be partakers of His Divinity, Who vouchsafed to become a partaker in our human nature, Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Lord."

This explains all the woe of the world, the agony of flesh and spirit, the unspeakable groaning of the waiting creature, the purgation for the great destiny. This destiny is not mere peace or content or joy as we understand it, but a share in the Divinity. Looking steadily at this tremendous fact, Patmore proceeds to bring it within the compass of our homely realization. It is not the least of his claims to genius, that he, like Dante, has succeeded in breaking down the artificial barrier between God and Love, between religion and life, making them merge into one Reality. But the difficulty of human expression increases with the intimate simplicity of the subject. It is a difficulty he shares with all mystic writers, who find language inadequate for their secrets. Having given his text, he develops his thesis thus :

O Heart, remember thee,
That Man is none,
Save One.
What if this lady be thy Soul, and He
Who claims to enjoy her sacred beauty be,
Not thou, but God ; and thy sick fire . . .
A reflex heat
Flash'd on thy cheek from His immense desire,
Which waits to crown, beyond thy brain's conceit,
Thy nameless, secret, hopeless longing sweet,
Not by-and-by, but now,
Unless deny Him thou!

The two last lines again epitomize a vital note in his message. Each soul must make its own separate discovery of this supreme truth, because love, like prayer which is its language, is personal and secret. But to have the mere philosophy of life made known in ordinary speech is a help to the experience of its reality. And so, lightly, even playfully, the poet tells the great secret in

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his own and perhaps only way, in the shape of imaginary dialogues taken from an old myth, parts of which evidently inspired the nursery tale of "Beauty and the Beast."

Venus, who represents mere material beauty, is jealous of the loveliness of Psyche, the Soul. She sends Eros to wound her with one of his arrows in order to inspire her with an affection for some unworthy object. The Love-God, while piercing her with his dart, is so delighted with her beauty, that in his pre-occupation, he accidentally wounds himself, and becomes enamoured of her. The curse, which Venus brings upon Psyche, is that although "lovely" she is not "beloved," and she is no longer sought after by mere earth-creatures. An Oracle foretells that she is to become the bride of a Divinity so terrible that none can resist him and that this awful Lover awaits her on the top of a high mountain. At her own request, and because she cannot bear her loneliness, Psyche goes to meet her fate, and is escorted to the scene of her mysterious nuptials by a solemn procession of her kindred and friends, who leave her alone on the mountain, frightened but willing. She is conducted by unseen agency to a wonderful palace, where she is waited upon by invisible slaves and all her wants are supplied at her least wish, while strains of celestial music delight her ears. Being without all, she has All. The unknown Bridegroom never appears visibly, but comes to her in the dark and speaks to her words that fill her with rapture. She longs to see him, but he refuses, saying "Having looked upon me, you will try to adore me, and all I want is Love. I would rather you should love me as an equal than adore me as a god." Psyche, according to the usual pagan idea of the eternal feminine curiosity, can no longer resist her desire to see the beloved unknown; and, lighting her lamp, she gazes upon the immortal loveliness of Love as he sleeps. But a drop of oil, falling from her lamp, awakens him; and, immediately spreading his white wings, he flies out of the window, saying reproachfully: "Love cannot dwell with distrust." Then begins poor

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Psyche's wistful search for her beloved, who, once seen, can never be forgotten. Without food or rest she languishes through long days of separation. At last, after innumerable toils and difficulties, sweet to her because of her exceeding love, she wins Eros back, and her disobedience is forgiven. He takes her then to the highest heaven, where the supreme Ruler confers upon her immortality, with the promise that her nuptials with Eros shall be perpetual. Thus the Soul is wedded to Love.

After a visit to Lourdes, there came to the poet the revelation of the true meaning of virginity.

Love, light for me
Thy radiant blazing torch,
That I, albeit a beggar by the porch
Of the glad Palace of Virginity,
May gaze within, and sing the pomp I see ;
For, crown'd with roses all,
'Tis there, O Love, they keep thy festival.

It suddenly flashed upon him that what he had been really seeking in his persistent interest in feminine nature was the perfect Woman, Our Lady, whose virginity is fruitful as all consecrated virginity should be fruitful, in bearing Christ :

Mother, who lead'st me still by unknown ways,
Giving the gifts I know not how to ask,
Bless thou the work
Which, done, redeems my many wasted days,
Makes white the murk,
And crowns the few which thou wilt not dispraise,
When clear my Songs of ladies' graces rang,
And little guess'd I 'twas of thee I sang!
Ah, Lady elect,
Whom the time's scorn has saved from its respect,
Would I had art
For uttering this which sings within my heart!

He then breaks into a song of pure rapture, reminding one of Dante's

Vergine Madre, Figlia del tuo Figlio,
Umile ed alta più che creatura,

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and excelling that perfect line of Wordsworth's, "*Our tainted Nature's solitary boast*":

Thou speaker of all wisdom in a Word . . .
O, Silence full of wonders . . .
That mystery of innocence . . .
Sweet girlhood without guile,
The extreme of God's creative energy;
Sunshiny peak of human personality;
The world's sad aspirations' one Success;
Bright Blush, that saved'st our shame from shamelessness . .
Desire of Him Whom all things else desire . . .
Our only Saviour from an abstract Christ.

And so on and so on, in lines of exquisite beauty and theological meaning. It is a glimpse of a new Paradiso, modern, English, yet in the same contemplative manner as that of the great Florentine, persuasive rather to the Northern and heretical than to the more educated Southern mind.

This poem completed his mystic verse—he had reached the limit of his vision. A long poem planned on the Espousals of Our Lady was never written—the rapture of this last utterance had left him dumb. There was, after all, no more to say. The Poet had delivered his message. To Catholics, whose mystical literature is already rich and sure, the truths told by Coventry Patmore are not new ones, though presented in a new form and with more full suggestion, as by a voice that must "startle the adder deafness of the crowd." The Liturgy of the Church encloses this idea of the spiritual espousals of the soul with God. A convent girl is brought up in that atmosphere—she accepts it as part of her religion. It is in her library, in her books of devotion, in the very pictures on the schoolroom walls. The monastic standard familiarizes our youth with the very essence of Patmore's teaching without analysis or conscious thought; while marriage is raised to the dignity of a Sacrament, symbolizing the nuptials of Christ with His Church, and the secret bridal of God with the human soul. The use of the Missal and Vesper book accustoms us to the mystical allusions,

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fascinating to the young mind prepared by the enlightenment of the Holy Eucharist, so different from any other light. Just because it is wisely selective, the study of Scripture is calculated to widen and deepen spiritual apprehension according to the contemplative capacity. Patmore's admittedly English manner may, therefore, be a stumbling-block to those accustomed to the veiling Latin, the mystery of Scripture, or the mediæval and monastic touch. But to those who have been illumined in no other way it has been the key to "the burning heart of the universe."*

His value does not lie in the special form his message takes. All personal apprehension of God is separate and individual. Suggestion may stir response and be the beginning of that lifting of the inner veil which is the joy of the interior life. But the soul is too unique to share its experiences. There is, besides, his own grave warning: "Do not violate the integrity of the unknown bliss by forms and apprehensions." What does count and curiously impress in this poet of the innermost is that note of conviction which carries the attentive reader with it over the frontiers of faith into the land of vision and possession. One stops merely believing, and one *knows* :

But constantly his soul
Points to its pole
Ev'n as the needle points and knows not why ;
And, under the ever-changing clouds of doubt,
When others cry,
"The stars, if stars there were,
Are quench'd and out!"
To him uplooking toward the hills for aid,
Appear, at need display'd,
Gaps in the low-hung gloom, and, bright in air,
Orion and the Bear.

* "It is my firm conviction that the influence of Coventry Patmore, as the master psychologist of love, human and divine, is destined steadily to increase, and that a future generation will look back to him with a mingled homage and curiosity. . . . It is not difficult to believe that pilgrim after pilgrim, angry at the excesses of the age that is coming, and wild to correct its errors, will soothe the beating of his heart by an hour of meditation over the lonely grave where Coventry Patmore lies wrapped for ever in the rough habit of the stern Franciscan order."—EDMUND GOSSE.

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He does not formulate a spiritual theory—he discloses a vital experience peculiar to himself but significant to all ; and this is the bond and likeness between him and Dante. His defence is simply this : “ My call is that I have seen the truth and can speak living words which are born of having seen it.” This Seer is of the light rather than the twilight ; he has vision rather than imagination ; he is a philosopher as well as a poet. In his allegiance to his inspiration, he is unimpeachable. He pleads but one cause—that of Divine Love ; from beginning to end, only and entirely that.

Sargent, with his unerring sense of essentials, has made two portraits of the poet. In the picture in the National Gallery he has painted the mask of the man as he appeared to the world, fastidious, arrogant, wilful. But one who saw the sombre and mysterious prophet at prayer says that he had the very look that Sargent has immortalized in his famous “ Ezechiel.” This was the real man, true to himself. A writer whose Catholic instinct is singularly sure, declares : “ Mr. Coventry Patmore’s voice is single in his day and single in our literature. It makes part of no choir loud by numbers, and so it needs an attentive ear. To that attentive ear it sounds alone as the divinest voice of our time.”

II

Let it be counted one of those gracious surprises of recompense, by which the Giver of gifts repays their faithful use, that the poet of Love, and Love alone, was granted the interpretation of love human and of Love Divine in his wife Emily Augusta and his daughter, Emily Honoria. His song began with the first, and ended with the second, Emily ; the fact coinciding with Mr. Champneys’ suggestion that if one is the Angel in the House the other may stand for the Psyche of the Odes.

This third child and eldest daughter of the poet might be said to be cradled on Parnassus. She was born at a time when the modest Patmore parlour was frequented

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by poets, pre-Raphaelites, and other artists, who must have often seen the beautiful child of whom her mother wrote to a friend : " Baby is as sweet as new virgin honey." There is a small sketch of her made when she was about two, by Holman Hunt. But the central attraction of the little home was her mother. It is hard to discover at this distance of time, when the elder members of that gifted circle have passed away, the precise quality in this lady's personality which haunted the imagination of so many intellectual men of different types and tastes. She was eagerly painted by Millais, modelled by Woolner, sung by Browning,* admired by Tennyson and Ruskin ; and she was created the Beatrice of modern poetry by her husband's great nuptial song. Dr. Garnett writes of her : " This admirable lady impressed me as a queen ruling by Love and Wisdom.

A creature not too bright and good
For human nature's daily food,

—wise, witty, frank, gracious, hospitable, without flaw or blemish that I could discover, but perfectly at home in this terrestrial sphere." This exquisite creature died in 1862, when little Emily was nine. The home was broken up, and the children were scattered until, at his second marriage, their father brought them together again in their new home, Heron's Ghyll, in Sussex. By this time they were all Catholics. Mr. Patmore himself undertook the education of his eldest daughter, and continued it steadily until she went to the School of the Convent of the Holy Child, at St. Leonards. A medallion of Emily at the age of nine still hangs in the Convent parlour, having been given to the nuns by her father. The noble little profile has the look which was described by a school friend as being at once heroic and pathetic. As she grew older and noticeably handsome, she attracted the admiration of Ruskin, a frequent visitor on account also of his interest in the artistic talent of Bertha, the second sister. Emily's education, under her father's

* "A Face" (*dramatis personæ*), first written in Mrs. Patmore's album.

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direction, was a wide and cultured one. His scientific knowledge and fastidious literary taste found a ready response in the girl's fine intellect. Her isolated home life, however, developed in her a fierce shyness in the presence of strangers, and it was wisely decided when she was sixteen to send her to a boarding school. She was given her choice, which fell upon that of the Holy Child Convent, still within the bounds of her father's adopted county. The experiment proved a great success, and her former teacher was quite satisfied with the development in his favourite. At school, however, she was not, by any means, regarded as a paragon. Those who remember her at the time, describe her as high-spirited, imperious, wilful. From having been her father's constant companion, the eldest daughter, and a necessary example to the other children in the home circle, she was suddenly plunged into the delightful irresponsibility of school life, and "let herself go" to all possibilities of enjoyment. But hers was a nature of no half measures, and she had felt as a very little child the allurements to a complete sacrifice of herself. It was in the midst of her rather headstrong career at school that she suddenly turned the whole weight of her will upon the conquest of her passionate nature, and began to show, in spite of herself, her marked predilection for prayer. Her extreme reserve would have made any research into a soul of very rare distinction impossible, had not her one intimate friend carefully guarded the secret of a little book of casual verse, which was never brought to light until Mr. Champneys undertook her father's biography. Of these girlish efforts he writes: "To me the verses seem to be of high merit, not merely for spiritual fervour and intensity, but also for their perfect directness and *naïveté* of expression, a quality which, exceptionally rare in modern writing, seems to recall the manner of a time long past. Had François Villon been as great a saint as he was a sinner, he might, I think, have written something like the best of these." The following childish but penetrating lines on Love were written when she was fifteen:

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Sweeter than honey, more awful than thunder—
Who shall declare it ?
Bright as the sun when the clouds fly asunder,
What eye shall bear it ?
And yet it is so soft and mild
'Twould not affright a little child ;
So simple, 'tis, so very plain,
A fool may love with tranquil brain.

.
Dwelling amidst contamination,
It cannot be defiled,
And he need never be in desolation
On whom It once has smiled.
Unutterably dreadful,
Unutterably sweet,
Who, Love of Love, shall give Thee praises meet ?—
Our praises lie as dust beneath Thy Feet.

.
Impenetrable mystery,
Be this Thy praise—
None but Thyself can utter Thee
Throughout all days.

There is another short poem of the same, or an earlier, period, a vivid revelation of the supreme pre-occupation of her heart even at this tender age. In her later verse is a note recalling that of another Emily, who, with the same spiritual opportunities, might have been as great a saint—Emily Brontë. But, as in everything else in human life, the Holy Eucharist made all the difference ; and the Catholic Emily touches always the chord of possession which belongs to the “more abundant fulness of life,” outcome of a faith which one cannot but feel has passed already into vision. After her school-girl experiences, her verses become more and more thoughtful, haunted by some persistent Memory, some overpowering Presence, enthralling her heart and claiming its sole allegiance. “From me, Thine altar, let no strange fire hiss,” wrote her father long after her death ; and it was an unconscious epitome of her own life from the memorable crisis when she finally chose the way of renunciation.

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When she was seventeen, she begged her father to let her go at once to the Noviciate at Mayfield (near their home in Sussex) ; but he wisely insisted on her seeing something of society, and the family moved to London for a time. Emily, much admired, dutifully lent herself to all the distraction and pleasure of a London season. It was, however, a constant effort. Her heart was elsewhere ; and, to relieve the strain of the long delay, she wrote from time to time in the little book of fragmentary verse the thoughts and longings which were continually deepening and intensifying. The process by which, even as a schoolgirl, she had subdued her wild heart and vehement will, was followed by a sense of peace proportionate to her stormy victory. And while she waited for her final consecration, she passed through the first of those dark nights which are the inevitable price of light. These austere lines indicate the grave vision of what even as a child (and she was only a child) she knew must lie before her :

Lord, to the soul that loveth only Thee,
When Thou art gone what solace can there be,
What thing or thought can soothe her misery.

The gates are shut, the sentinels are set ;
Her sacred promise she must not forget,
But keep the precincts empty for Thee yet.

How empty and how deathly cold and still,
Nought living but the weak and struggling will,
Struggling for life against the torpor chill.

How strange and how far-off the sounds appear,
That reach her sometimes from the outer sphere,
Heard only as a ghostly echo here !

How long the days since this dark night began !
No help there is : He will not help Who can,
And vain indeed would be the help of man !

There is a hint of the lines in "Psyche's Discontent" :

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I ask, for Day, the use which is the Wife's :
To bear apart from Thy delight and Thee,
The fardel coarse of customary life's
Exceeding injucundity.
Leave me awhile that I may show Thee clear
How Goddess-like Thy love hath lifted me ;
How, seeming lone upon the gaunt, lone shore,
I'll trust Thee near,
When Thou'rt to knowledge of my heart, no more
Than a dream's heed
Of lost joy track'd in scent of the sea-weed!

Suddenly the girlish verse rises to a higher note of
mysterious possession :

Hush, rash attempts to utter what can ne'er
Be uttered even by an angel's tongue.
Only the whistling of a gentle air
Can say what thou, poor mortal, wouldst have sung.

Be silent, and thank Heaven, the favour'd few
Can well allow the many's unbelief ;
" Their joy is greatest " ?—Smile as if 'twere true,
Nor seek for thy so precious pain relief.

Thy secret is thy own and must be thine ;
Yea, though thou give it to the winds of Heaven,
To publish wheresoe'er the sun doth shine—
For all take not this word but those to whom 'tis given.

Then, as if to arouse her spirit after the delights of that
sweet encounter, she sings to herself in low tones :

Awake, arise, O soul, from sleep,
From those wide fields where no winds blow,
Thou canst not now those visions keep
That so delight thee ; they must go
Into the dreamy past.

Awake, O senses, to the wear
Of life, the caution and the strain ;
There is much yet to do and bear
Ere death shall be the end of pain
And peace shall come at last.

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Return, weak heart, take up thy weight,
And bear it through another day ;
The joy that seemed so real of late
Like other joys must sink away
Into the dreamy past.

Certainly she laboured under no delusion regarding the life she had chosen. The attraction to the Childhood of Our Lord she shared with all mystics, and the lines she wrote when she decided to enter the modern Order which bears the title of that mystery, express quite simply the reason of her predilection :

Lord, Thy true visions by Thy Wounds are known,
Not by Thy glory hell can imitate,
And very small upon the earth is shown
The sanctity on which the angels wait . . .
Lord, I will follow Thee with no desire
To be, Thy handmaid, greater than my Lord ;
To no more honour will I now aspire
Than earth to her Redeemer could afford.
Draw me and I will come ; Thou wilt forgive,
If erring, choice of Thee despised and small—
Sweet Holy Child, let me no longer live,
But Thou in me, my God, my CHILD, my All.

Having made her choice and measured the cost, she humbly turns to Him for help, reminding Him that after all it is He Who has drawn her :

My Lord, to Thee the future I commend,
No will have I, no choice, and no desire ;
Thine the Beginning was, Thine be the end,
To do Thy present bidding I aspire,
Content if, concentrating all the fire
Kindled by Thee in this weak heart of Thine,
I may fulfil the task that now is mine
With the exactitude Thou dost require.
In every place where Thou, my Sun, dost shine
I am content to stay and do Thy Will ;
When I awaken I am with Thee still ;
Sleeping, my heart keeps watch before Thy shrine.
After long night sweet shall the waking be—
What wait I for ? My hope is all in Thee.

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It is open to question whether that director was a rash man or a wise, who said he would send the mystics into the active Orders. But there is a higher Director Who seems to lure souls into strangely paradoxical positions. Thérèse of Lisieux had a truly apostolic spirit, and Emily Patmore was a born contemplative. They are not types so much as messengers. And the message is what counts. But the full expression of her spiritual attitude with regard to the sacrifice which lay before her is to be found in the poem "Hora Amantis":

"The lover's own hour is that in which he suffers for the Beloved . . ." "I have a baptism wherewith I am to be baptized, and how am I straitened until it be accomplished . . ." "My hour is not yet come."

Thine hour, my Lord, I hear Thee say—
Desirable that hour must be
Which straitens by its short delay
The Ruler of Eternity:
O let me see Thee then rejoice,
And grant me such an hour to know:
I hear Thy Voice
Reply in accents grave and low:
"Hora Amantis illa est
Qua pro amico patitur."

Then that was not some tender hour
Of converse with Thy Mother sweet,
Nor when the wonders of Thy power
Brought new disciples to Thy Feet:
Thine Hour was that drear April noon
When to the Cross they nailed Thee down;
Death is the boon
For joy of which Thou wear'st a crown:
"Hora Amantis illa est
Qua pro amico patitur."

Then my hour shall not be the hour
When creatures praise and favour pay,
Nor even when Thy love and power
Lead me rejoicing on my way;

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My hour like Thine, My Lord and Love,
Shall be the hour of pain and loss ;

Darkness above,
Beneath, the thorns, the nails, the cross :

" Hora Amantis illa est
Qua pro amico patitur."

And when at last that hour draws nigh
That bids me leave the flesh behind,
Shall I then turn to Calvary
A milder death than Thine to find ?
Since Thou didst die all comfortless,
Shall I not welcome such a lot,
If Thou thus bless

One who in life has loved Thee not ?
" Hora Amantis illa est
Qua pro amico patitur."

O Love, how blinded, then, are they,
Who paint Thee crown'd with roses bright!
'Tis well, indeed, for such to say
That Love is still bereft of sight.
But they who on the Truth do gaze
As well as may be here below,
Love thorny ways
Better than all the flowers that blow.

" Hora Amantis illa est
Qua pro amico patitur."

This is the last of her girlish poems. Her father never saw them, for her secrets were faithfully kept, and she herself was far too shy to show them to one for whom her admiration was so great, and whose fastidious tastes she shared. What she wrote as a nun was for others, and although breathing always that atmosphere of another world which one notices also in the verse of Thérèse of Lisieux, they lack the personal interest of her youthful work, in obedience to the mandate :

Bitter, sweet, few and veiled let be
Your songs of me.
Preserving bitter, very sweet,
Few, that so all may be discreet,
And veil'd, that, seeing, none may see.

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There are two exceptions to this impersonal collection : one marked "Private" is a canticle of love to the Blessed Sacrament ; the other was written in the noviciate, and is significant of the choice of obscurity she made at the beginning of her Religious life. It might have been far otherwise. Her high intellectual gifts and her noble and delicate beauty became more and more conspicuous as time went on. A relative writes of her that "at times her face shone with a splendour which can only be described by the words 'love visible,' " an expression used by the poet of her mother. But of this she was blissfully unconscious. What she really was aware of was that her natural independence of mind and proud wilfulness must be brought under. She had long ago discovered the truth so insistent in her father's verse that Divine union consists in the entire surrender of the soul to God,

Who woos his will
To wedlock with His own, and does distil
To that drop's span
The attar of all rose-fields of all love.

The kingdom, indeed, suffered a great violence, but the violent bore it away. It was in storming the citadel of her own heart to open it wide to her Conqueror that this heroic soul realized the plan of her campaign. In her little note-book, found after her death, are the following entries : "There is nothing for me but entire obedience. Trust in God. Whatever happens, He cannot resist confidence. Become a little child, and let nothing allure you from acting on what you have so clearly seen . . . (something which I must act upon about the Blessed Sacrament, and obscurity and subjection). I must thank any creature that helps me against *pride*. O that Pride ! it *must* be killed. Never mind—let me begin again with fresh courage. How patient God is ! But He *will* not have His glory given to ourselves." Then follows *The Two Paths* :

Two paths I see before me now,
And my spirit hears a voice,

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Which bids me look along them both
And freely take my choice.
Both paths are good ; on each the Cross
Its hallowing shadow throws,
And both upon the mountain height
Are lost in glory close.

The first leads on through battlefields
Where souls for God are won,
And in the sight of heaven and earth
Heroic deeds are done.
Where toil and sweat and tears and blood
For the good cause are given,
And many a glorious trophy gained
To grace the courts of Heaven.

The other way scarce seen by men
Through lowly vales doth wind,
And Nazareth-like the shady nooks
That travellers here may find.
Here also souls are won for God,
But 'tis by silent prayer,
By many a secret sacrifice
And many a lonely tear.

No praise of men doth here beguile
The roughness of the road,
For all ignored or all despised
Are those who here have trod.
Lord, if I needs must take my choice,
This second way is mine,
For there lie all Thy Mother's years
And all but three of Thine.
My soul thirsts for those hidden springs,
Those ways to men unknown,
To be forgotten by all else
And live to Thee alone.

This was her choice, and she adhered to it faithfully through the ten years of her Religious life with ever increasing heroism. There was something of the mediæval mystic in the headlong abandonment of her surrender. The perfume must be all poured out, the vase itself

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broken at her Lord's Feet. Body and soul were sacrificed with utter disregard of all but obedience, wherein the attitude of the child was firmly held to the end. Whatever was painful or unpleasing to others in the duties of Community life was hers by right. She became indeed an abject in the house of God, and those who had known her in the heyday of her impetuous youth could hardly recognize the humble nun whom the children called "the saint." "Never," said one who had been privileged to live with her, "have I seen or read even in the lives of the saints of anything more complete than her mortification or more profound than her humility . . . She, who could brook no word of correction or criticism in the old days, now received a rebuke with a delicate flush of pleasure." The extraordinary gift of prayer, which was God's evident response to her generosity, was in itself initiation into regions of suffering too intense for mediocrity, too simple and secret for mere ambitious effort. "To everyone is given grace according to the giving of Christ." What the secret was to which she often refers in her verse was never revealed; but that there was such a secret, and that its nature was Love, was evident to all who knew her.

It was a common opinion of those who observed her more closely that her spiritual experiences had been of no common kind. A look in her rarely raised eyes made one suddenly realize the Divine Presence. The children said that "Sister Mary Christina had seen Our Lord"; *ex ore infantium*. But whatever doubt remained was removed when those present at her death became sensibly conscious that this young nun was given the exceptional grace of seeing and conversing with the King of her heart even in this world. She might have had a prophetic vision of what lay before her when she wrote at eighteen the lines "Hora Amantis," referring to death. The last three months of her life were passed in utter prostration of body and dereliction of soul, the latter evidently a new experience. "It is the last rub that polishes the mirror," were her father's words, adopted by the pre-Raphaelites

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for their motto, and it was descriptive of the final chastening of the soul that was so dear to him :

Darkness above,
Beneath, the thorns, the nails, the cross . . .

But at the end the darkness lifted, and the "hora
amantis" passed out of direst pain into delight of vision :

I'll cleave to Thee when life draws hard to hell,
Yea, cleave to Thee when me Thou seem'st to slay,
Haply, at close of some most cruel day,
To find myself in Thy revealed arms clasped.

III

When Sister Mary Christina went to St. Leonards after her profession, the Patmores moved from Heron's Ghyll to Hastings ; and there the poet completed the small volume called *The Unknown Eros*. One by one, as they were written, the Odes were sent to her. There was a deep bond between father and daughter who were intellectually akin, and whose intercourse after Emily became a nun was even more sympathetic and intimate. Mr. Champneys considers the four letters which have been preserved from their correspondence a valuable addition to all criticism of this difficult poet, who writes, only too truly, of himself :

The holders of the Truth in verity
Are people of a harsh and stammering tongue!
The hedge-flower hath its song ;
Meadow and tree,
Water and wandering cloud
Find seers who see,
And with convincing music clear and loud,
Startle the adder deafness of the crowd
By tones, O Love, from thee.
Views of the unveil'd heav'ns alone forth bring
Prophets who cannot sing,
Praise that in chiming numbers will not run ;
At least from David until Dante none,
And none since him.

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Sister Mary Christina had just made her vows when her father sent her "The Standards" and "Legem Tuam Dilexi." Of the first she writes: "It would be impertinence in me to praise it, but I can say that it gave me very great pleasure, and new pleasure every time I read it. To say nothing of the general sense, in which I flatter myself I quite understand you, you may imagine how, under the circumstances, these lines went to my heart: 'The daisied path of poverty,' and 'The brightest third of the dead virtues three.' Ever since I read it, and imagined all the rest you have been writing, I have been indulging in a sort of ecstasy of pride at being your daughter, a very innocent sort of pride I hope. (You see I am so gushing, because nuns have no hearts!) As for myself, dear Papa, I will not say anything about it; some things are too good to be spoken of; but you must thank God for me, and yourself for letting me be a nun. . . . When I have received two letters and two Odes, I suppose you think it is high time for me to answer and return thanks. It seems to me that poverty is indeed, as you say, 'to have all things without care or thought'; for I have only to express a wish, as in this case, or even form it sometimes, and the thing arrives. Thank you very much for sending the Odes. No one ever succeeded before in speaking of God truly in verse and at the same time not 'screaming instead of singing,' as you once said to me of —'s poems. That you should know what you want to show others, viz., the perfection of the state of marriage, is not so strange as that you understand perfectly what makes the real happiness of religious life (and it is *real*, however unromantic and common the exterior may look, as it does in our Society). Was it not curious?—I thought so much of you on the Feast of the Espousals of the Blessed Virgin, though I had no idea of the intention you tell me of. I hope she will help you to do it very well. I have been thinking that it seemed like a beautiful courtesy, if I may dare to say so, on the part of God, as He had become man and not woman, to exalt a woman so highly that enough cannot be said of her dignity. How true the

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last part of this Ode is, about the eagle looking like a rag or stone, and yet it has never been said before . . .”

The allusion to the Espousals was in reference to the poet's intention to make it the subject of his chief and last poem. But he only wrote “The Child's Purchase,” the prelude. She adds: “I do not know how it is; but we always say so little when we meet, that I must write to you too. I must have the pleasure of telling you again how often your words come to my mind and answer my thoughts. I was wondering one day if it was pleasing to God to hear us say the same psalms over and over again, and I remembered what you said of the child wanting her mother to repeat her little song.” The passage referred to is in “Legem Tuam Dilexi”:

For, ah, who can express
How full of bonds and simpleness
Is God,
How narrow is He,
And how the wide waste field of possibility
Is only trod
Straight to His homestead in the human heart,
And all His art
Is as the babe's that wins his Mother to repeat
Her little song so sweet.

To encourage herself in little trials, she tells her father, she often repeats the lines from Frederick's last letter, in *The Victories of Love*, about “splendid privations”—“they make me so ashamed to complain of so little.”

Splendid privations, martyrdoms
To which no weak remission comes,
Perpetual passion for the good
Of them that feel no gratitude,
Far circlings as of planets' fires
Round never-to-be-reach'd desires;
Whatever rapturously sighs
That life is love, love, sacrifice.

Again, in a later letter, to her sister Bertha, she speaks of the companionship she finds in her father's poetry:

You must tell Papa from me . . . that I am continually

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haunted by most apposite quotations from the *Angel* and the *Odes à propos* of history, physical science, theology and every imaginable thing. I always remember the exact words, because they are the most exact words the thing could be said in. St. Peter says of St. Paul's Epistles that "there are in them certain things hard to be understood which many unlearned and unstable wrest, as they do the other Scriptures, to their own destruction." I think that might be said of "Remembered Grace," for instance; but anyone who would offend God on such a consideration could never have really known and loved Him. Of course you know about the theology of it better than I do. That last part from "the last new oracle," how true it is. Some lines have more truth than can be said, as "Many speak wisely," etc. As the beautiful *Proem* says, these, compared to the *Angel*, are like a thrush's song compared to a lark's. "Eros" is exquisite; it is enough to say that I know what you mean; I like this line very much, "It is a Spirit, though it seems red gold"; but, for poetical beauty apart from the purely spiritual, the beginning to "whither they depart" is wonderful and delicious. "Let be," of course, you know is most profound; but let me say so too. "Another is mistook by his deceitful likeness to his look," is one of those pieces of wisdom that sees round the corner like a looking-glass. What a comfort it is that God really knows everyone; for we know very little of each other, I am more and more convinced. "Legem Tuam Dilexi" is delightful to me, and I do not know how people can object to it, while God, of Whom we name so many attributes, is defined to be "A simple Act" by the Christian doctrine books. "The Toys" is very touching; I like it very much. "Magna est Veritas" is delightful, and ends with something too deep to be called satire. It seems to me quite true about the "ingenious blasphemies," though I am afraid the last word is all the credit they often get. I knew the first nine Odes by heart before, and they very often "say themselves" to me whether I like it or not; it is a tune that will finish itself if you begin it, because each note is a natural consequence of the former. Of course the "Deliciæ," etc., is too beautiful to praise. I think the Odes are very like Scripture in being so simple that anyone might imagine they understood all there is, and so profound that few will really do so. They are also like Scripture in the way Shakespeare is, viz., in being intensely human and in not saying the words allowed to express the thing but the thing itself. It is very painful to think how most people will prefer such verse

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as —'s; but that kind of sorrow we have to feel for anything really good. There are two lines in one Ode that I could wish were not there. If I have said anything presumptuous, please forgive it.

The lines thus interdicted occur in "The Standards," and exhibit the poet's gravest fault both as artist and man, although it belonged to the surfaces of his life rather than to its depths—his contemptuousness. Those who speak of him as "a gentle amorist" have missed the man. This scorn for stupidity or ignorance mars now and again what Lionel Johnson calls his "fastidious greatness." Considering, however, the nature and manner of his message, it may be well that this is so. His surface faults make a fitting background to the sweetness and mystery of his verse.

Anticipating the judgment of critics who would consider his message greater than himself, or the mere poet unfulfilled by the visible life of the man, he writes: "That which is unique in the soul is its true self, which is only expressed in life and art when the false self has been surrendered wholly. In saints, this surrender is continual, in poets, etc., it is only in inspired moments." The cool humility of this avowal is typical of the man and disarming to the critic, and may be taken as a drily humorous reference to the difference between himself and his daughter. The poet, however, is the potential saint, even as the saint is the essential poet.

What may well strike one in reading Coventry Patmore's record of his conversion is the perfect sequence of its processes; and, in looking at his life as a whole, we perceive its extraordinary symmetry and completeness. The real good men do is done unconsciously; and he may not himself have realized the part his saintly child played in the inspiration of his later work. But that she was (to use a favourite expression of his) "*amoris victima*," was manifest to those with whom she lived, however carefully she tried to keep her secret.

L. WHEATON.

A SLAV BISHOP: JOSEPH GEORGE STROSSMAYER

THAT a huge crowd of Orthodox should wait at the quay of the Danube to greet a Latin Bishop with wild enthusiasm, that, when a Hungarian Bishop arrived at Belgrade to administer Confirmation to such poor fragments of the Latin Church as were then allowed to exist in Servia, he should find the royal carriage waiting to drive him to the King's palace, while cannon thunder to greet him, this is a scene so strange as to seem almost impossible. Yet it is what happened at Belgrade in 1869. The explanation is that the Latin Bishop was the man to whom all Southern Slavs looked with unbounded reverence, in spite of his religion and rite, as the chief leader of their cause, the man whom Orthodox Slavs, no less than their Catholic brothers, called "the first son of the Nation." In their enthusiasm for their national hero and protector they forgot, or forgave, his Roman religion, seeing in him only the patriot who stood for the cause of the Slavs of Austria-Hungary.

This was the result of Strossmayer's life. He destroyed the old confusion between religion and politics by devoting his life to the Slav cause, while being at the same time a zealous Catholic bishop; he annihilated that disastrous idea that no one could be a patriotic Slav unless he were a member of the Orthodox Church. Slavs owe it to him, more than to any other man, that now at last they have acquired the concept of their nation as one thing, of religion as another. Constantly in the past there has been confusion between these two orders. In every country in Europe the idea once prevailed of a national religion, a national Church, and so the deduction that no man was a really loyal citizen unless he carried his national feeling into the realm of religion. How often have we heard a religious system condemned, not on any reasonable ground, such as that it is false, but on the plea that it is foreign. In England we have to protest constantly

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against the hopeless confusion of the two orders involved in the expression "National Church." Nowhere has this confusion reigned so absolute as in the Slav lands. For centuries Russia carried on relentless persecution against all dissenters from the established Church, on this plea, that no loyal subject of the Czar could be other than a member of his Church. From the beginning of Balkan revolt against the Turk it was assumed as an axiom that the people rose for one cause, that of their race, identified with that of their Orthodox religion. The Turk himself had fostered the idea that these causes are one, inasmuch as the only vestige of separate national existence he had left to his Rayahs was the organization of their Church. Perhaps the whole confusion in the Balkans begins with that Turkish policy of counting religious bodies as "Nations." We know, then, how the result of this false identification of the two orders was that each Balkan State, as it became independent of the Porte, set up a National Church, independent of the Phanar. No doubt there was some advantage during the wars of Balkan independence in thus identifying the two orders. To many a Rayah it was an additional inspiration that he took up his arms against the enemy of Christ and his nation. Where the Turk was equally the enemy of both, it is not surprising that their causes should be identified. Yet there is a disastrous confusion of principle at the bottom of the identification. "My Kingdom is not of this world." The nemesis of forgetting that, is seen in all the long story of religious persecution for political motives, in the odious accusation of disloyalty, when a man differs from the established religion on points of dogma, in that monstrous hybrid, a National Church. We in England, whose fathers suffered so long because of the confusion involved in that idea, most of all should sympathize with a man who broke it.

Joseph George Strossmayer was born on February 4th, 1815, at Osijek (German Esseg), in Slavonia. It is curious that the chief leader of Slavs in Hungary, as his name shows, was by descent of German blood. But his family

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had long been settled in Slavonia. Later, at the time of the Vatican Council, when his name was famous throughout Europe, people made wild guesses as to what exactly he was. He was then described variously as a Russian, a Bosniac, a Magyar, an Austrian. It was also commonly supposed that this Bishop of Bosnia must be a Uniate of the Byzantine rite. The inhabitants of the Kingdom of Slavonia, now a part of the Hungarian half of the Monarchy, are Croats. Strossmayer was a Croat. Later he learned to speak many languages exceedingly well, notably Latin; but his mother-tongue was Croat. Croat is the same language as Serb. The only difference is that the Croat uses the Roman alphabet; the Serb writes exactly the same language in Cyrillic letters. When Strossmayer exchanged compliments with Prince Milan IV at Belgrade, both were using their native language. His religious position also follows from the fact that he was a Croat. All Croats are Catholics and Latins. Strossmayer had much sympathy and reverence for the Byzantine rite; in his relations with his Orthodox and Uniate neighbours it became quite familiar to him. He is fond of referring to it with admiration.

However, he himself was a Latin priest and Bishop. At Rome in 1870 there were amusing discussions as to the strange rite that this Bosniac would use. The Romans need not have worried; he said the Roman Mass just like any Western Bishop. Strossmayer's father was a poor horse-dealer, a man of no education. This humble origin no doubt accounts for a certain love of splendour that the future Bishop never quite laid aside. But his mother was an educated woman, rather a remarkable person for one of that class. Already in those early days she was an ardent Slav patriot. She was one of those who had not forgotten the short reign of the Slav idea under Napoleon. She taught her son to read and admire the works of Slav national poets. First among these is the Serb Vuk Stephanović Karadžić (1787-1864), who was not only a poet, but a grammarian, philologist and educator of his people in general. Young Strossmayer

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read the works of Karadgić before he left his home, and imbibed from him the first beginning of the ardent national feeling for Iugoslavdom that never left him through life. Then he went to the Seminary of his diocese at Diakovo to try his vocation to be a priest. His career as a student showed talent. From the Seminary of Diakovo he went on to the central Seminary at Budapest, where he took his degree in philosophy, then to the Augustineum College at Vienna. Here he was ordained and took his degree in theology in 1838, at the age of 23.

Already, at Budapest, Strossmayer had taken an active part in meetings of a group of enthusiasts for the cause of Slavs in Hungary. This group gathered around a Protestant pastor, Kollar, poet and writer in that interest. The fact that Strossmayer, with many other Catholics, even Church students and priests, at that date was able to meet in friendly discussion of their national aspirations at the house of a Protestant pastor, is an index of the movement, and in some way a prophecy of his future life. It did not mean any sort of compromise in religion. Strossmayer throughout his life was a zealous Catholic. He made a considerable number of converts himself, and always stood out for the cause of the Catholic Church, in its own sphere. The significance of Pastor Kollar's group was that these young men had found a bond of union other than that of religion. This ardent Slav national feeling united all its followers, apart from their religious differences. Indeed, Slavdom, more particularly Iugoslavdom, became almost a second religion, to no one more than to Strossmayer. In this form, ideas of toleration, new at that time in the Monarchy, were spread. The movement had, at any rate, this advantage, that it taught people to distinguish religion from politics. In all religious matters Strossmayer was one with his political enemies, the Hungarian Bishops. In politics, he was one with Orthodox and Protestant Slavs against the Magyar oligarchy. There are many Jews and Orthodox in Slavonia. The Orthodox have the centre of a province, Karlocza (Karlowitz), about sixty miles east

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of Diakovo. Formerly there had been nothing but enmity between the Catholic Croats and these others ; now this was succeeded by perfect religious toleration, and a sense of comradeship in the Yugoslav cause. Kollar's idea was four allied groups of Slavs—Russians, Poles, Czechs, and then as a fourth group the Illyrians, that is the Slavs of the South, Yugoslavs (Serbs, Croats, Slovenes), counted as one people. At Osijek and Diakovo naturally the first sympathies of Strossmayer were for the Southern Slavs. But he never lost his interest in the other groups. His dream was a great Slav federation, in which all should have their place.

The national Slav movement, which may be the death-blow to the Dual Monarchy, had been brewing slowly for a long time. Inevitably people who spoke the same, or closely cognate, language had a common feeling. Yet for centuries the division of Slavs into Catholic and Orthodox had kept the feeling in the background. The incredibly stupid policy of the old Russian government, identifying Slav patriotism with the Orthodox Church, its brutal persecution of Poles, Ruthenians and all Slavs who were not Orthodox, had been the main hindrance to the growth of common feeling, had effectually prevented the vast body of Catholic Slavs from looking to Russia as the leader of their cause. No policy could have been more disastrous to the objects of the Russian State. Its worst enemy would have suggested just this suicidal method of dividing the people whose united sympathies it needed, and making the very name of Russia hateful to the people Russia wanted to attract. One would have thought that the most elementary common sense would have suggested to the Czar that his policy was to let religion alone, to be absolutely tolerant on that head, and to take up the attitude of friend and protector of all Slavs, whatever their religion may be. As it was, the hideous example of Russian religious persecution, the object-lesson of the martyrdom of Poland, were the great arguments against united Slavdom under Russian protection. These things made the Slavs of the Dual Monarchy feel that anything,

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even the noxious oligarchy of Magyars and Germans, was better than the bloodstained horror of Russia. Russia could have had her way a century ago, had her government shown the first glimmering of common sense. The old joke in Austria was that Francis Joseph owed the security of his throne chiefly to that blessed dispensation of Providence which had made half the Slav world Orthodox and half Catholic. But it was not merely the difference of religion that kept his Monarchy on its feet, it was the way Russia behaved under that circumstance. The union of the Austrian-Hungarian State, the power of this Monarchy had no better friend than the Czar, who was so foolish as to make enemies of just the people he wanted as friends.

However, in spite of the set-back caused by Russian persecution of Catholics, for about a century there has been a steady growth of Slav national feeling and a sense of a common cause of all Slavs. The modern movement, Panslavism, began during the upheaval of the French Revolution and Napoleon. The Revolution started a wave of nationalism all over Europe. With the downfall of monarchy and legitimism came the awakening of national feeling among the smaller and scattered races, also, to a great extent, the idea of common language as basis of nationality. Then Napoleon gave the first impetus to Yugoslav national feeling by forming the Illyrian Provinces. By the Peace of Vienna in 1809 Austria ceded to France Görz, Triest, Krain, part of Kärnten and all the land West of the Save. These, with Dalmatia, became the Illyrian Provinces. They were joined to the French Empire ; but France was a long way off, they were allowed a large measure of self-government and a democratic constitution, according to Napoleon's usual method. In these Illyrian Provinces for the first time the Yugoslavs tasted what it is to be a separate, almost an independent state, independent at any rate of their old oppressors Austria and Turkey. Their independence did not last long. The Vienna Congress gave Illyricum back to Austria ; but its memory remained. At first Slav national feeling was hardly political. It expressed itself in the

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revival of language, in the cultivation of a Slav literature and in poetry. However, any awakening of separate national consciousness is a danger to the composite Monarchy. True to the old policy of European states, the Austrian Emperors gave to this cause a strong impetus, and the halo of martyrdom, by repressing it. The movement became political from the time of the Revolution of 1848. That Revolution broke the unity of the Habsburg state for ever. The Magyars then asserted themselves and secured autonomy for the Kingdom of Hungary. From that time the Monarchy has been dual. Such an example could hardly fail to have its effect on the other nations, who have just as much right to claim a recognition of themselves as the Magyars. The Magyar revolution was the beginning of the end, as far as the Habsburg Empire is concerned. But Austrians and Magyars combined to repress any further spread of separatist tendencies. Since Francis Joseph was crowned at Budapest in 1867 the old quarrel between these is forgotten. They became firm allies in face of the common danger to both, the growth of Slav national feeling. The Monarchy is governed by two oligarchies, combined to repress the Slav majority equally dangerous to both.

As far as the Slavs are concerned, the Revolution of 1848 has done no good, except as a precedent and example. They are divided, with deliberate malice, between Austria and Hungary, so as to prevent their union and diminish the strength of the Slav vote. There is no conceivable reason why the Czech should be Austrian and his brother the Slovak Hungarian, why the Croat should be Hungarian and his brother the Slovene Austrian, except the principle *diuide et impera*. Moreover, from the beginning the Southern Slavs knew that by the Magyar revolution they only exchanged one master for another. The Magyar oligarchy has pressed more heavily on them than did the old autocracy. Foreseeing this, they gave no help to the Magyar patriots of 1848. Their writers say that this is why the revolution did not succeed entirely. At any rate, it was repressed by Slav, that is Russian, soldiers. Never-

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theless, the Hungarian revolution set the example. From that time the Slav movement has been more definitely political. The Slavs ask why they, too, should not be able to secure the same rights as the Magyars then obtained. The Revolution began the dismemberment of the Monarchy. During the twenty years before this war it was becoming more and more obvious that the Slavs would continue the process, would turn the Dual Monarchy into a Triple one, and perhaps end by breaking it up altogether. The apparently simple solution of adding another element to what is already dual (said to have been favoured by the murdered Archduke Franz Ferdinand) is not so simple, from the point of view of the Austrian or Magyar diplomat. The objection to it, from their point of view, is that it would give an overwhelming preponderance to the Slav element. The Germans of the Monarchy number about nine millions, the Magyars are a very small minority, under ten thousand. If all the Slavs were joined to make a third division, they would amount to over fifteen millions; Austria-Hungary would become a huge Slav state, the hegemony of those who now govern it would be at an end. It is not then surprising that Vienna and Budapest unite to repress the Slavs, particularly to prevent the various Slav races, Poles, Ruthenians, Czechs, Slovaks, Slovenes, Croats, from joining forces, that they maintain the present unnatural division, by which some of these are in the Austrian half and some in Hungary. Any political Slav movement has always been severely repressed. The Dual government wants the Croat to pretend that he is a loyal Hungarian, while the Slovene is to affect Austrian national feeling—both of which pretences are absurd. Even the cultivation of Slav literature and the study of their languages, any corporate Slav movement, though accompanied by protestations that it has no political tendency, is looked upon askance by the authorities. On the whole, the Magyars are worse repressors of the Slavs than the Austrians. In both halves there is much to complain of; yet even the Czech does not so suffer from the tyranny of a small foreign oligarchy

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as does the Croat. All this will explain the world in which Joseph Strossmayer found himself, and the cause to which he devoted his life. He became the chief apostle of Slav unity and Slav national feeling in the Monarchy. He never actually committed himself to a political propaganda other than a constitutional one, he was not a rebel against the Emperor-King; but as an active, popular and most energetic patron of all movements in favour of Slav nationalism, of the unity of this feeling among all Slavs, whether in Austria or in Hungary, he became exceedingly suspect to the Government. He was Slavophile, the chief leader of that party; this was enough. In all his plans for the benefit of his people he had to meet discouragement, vague promises never meant to be redeemed, often open hostility, from the state.

The outer events of his life are simple enough. When he had finished his studies, he was first appointed curate at Petervarad, suburb of Ujvidek (Neusatz) on the Danube. Soon he became Professor in the Seminary of Diakovo, then Director of the Augustineum at Vienna. The Magyar revolution of 1848 occurred during this time. Strossmayer remembered and, many years later, could tell anecdotes of those days, when the Austrians had to call in the Russians to put down the revolt of their own subjects and, to their shame, the Russian General, Prince Paskević, sent a message to his Emperor, Nicholas I: "Majesty, all Hungary lies at your feet." But Strossmayer had little sympathy for the Magyar patriots; their insurrection only bound worse fetters on his people. His hero was rather the Croat Ban Jellačić, who rose against the Magyars, and so indirectly helped the Austrians, till he was defeated and had to flee the country in 1848. Strossmayer had known the Ban personally. In those days he was already the friend of all Slavs against the Magyars. Nor was Slav national feeling so great a bar then as it became later. While the Magyars were in revolt, Austria, true to her *diuide et impera* policy, rather favoured enemies of her enemies. So, when old Bishop Kuković of Diakovo resigned in 1849, Strossmayer, in

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spite of his political sympathies, became his successor. Such a man would not have been appointed thirty years later. He was nominated by the King, according to the Canon law of the Monarchy, on November 18th, 1849, preconized by the Pope on May 20th, 1850, ordained bishop at Vienna on September 5th by the Nuntius, Mgr. Viale Prela, assisted by the Bishops of Varad and Olmütz.

The See of Diakovo was erected in 1781 ; but its official title is not Diakovo. In the Roman Chancellery the title is "bosniensis, diacouensis et sirmiensis." In the *Annuario pontificio* it occurs under the title *Sirmio*. It is, then, considered as the old See of Sirmium, famous for its synods and formulas in Arian times.* The bishop also has the title of Bosnia—rare case of survival of the old idea of regionary bishops. He was, further, the administrator of the Latin sees of Belgrade and Semendria (Smederevo) in Servia. This means that he had charge of all Latin Catholics in that state, before the Concordat of 1914, which formed a Latin province for Servia.† The bishop resides at Diakovo, a small town in the middle of Slavonia, sixteen miles south of Osijek. Instead of his cumbersome official title he is, in practice, always called the Bishop of Diakovo, or Diakovar.‡ He is one of the three suffragans of Zagreb. Diakovo is a Latin diocese. There is a considerable number of Byzantine Uniates in Slavonia, but the Bishop of Diakovo has nothing to do with them, except to maintain friendly relations with his neighbours and not to interfere with their practices, of course also to show, if occasion arises, that he is in communion with them. The group of Uniates in this corner of the Hungarian kingdom are descendants, partly of a large body of Serbs who fled the Turk from Bosnia at the end of the Sixteenth Century, and then became Uniates, partly of Ruthenian

* First Synod and formula of Sirmium 351, second 357, third 358, fourth 359. All avoid *ὁμοούσιος* and are, in various degrees, semiarian ; the second is actually arian.

† July 1st, 1914, just before the war. The Concordat provides an Archbishopric of Belgrade with one suffragan, at Skopje. Till then Servia had remained the only state in Europe in which dissent was illegal.

‡ Croat *Diakovo*, Magyar *Diakovar*.

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immigrants from Munkács and Eperies at the other end of the country. After a great deal of quarrelling with the Latin Ordinaries, at last Pius VI erected the Byzantine see of Krizevac* for these people, making it suffragan to the Primate of Hungary at Esztergom. This diocese has a Uniate population of 40,000. Still less had Strossmayer any official relation with the Orthodox in Slavonia. There is a large body of these, who form part of the Orthodox Province of Karlocza, with six suffragans, all across South Hungary. Within the limits of Strossmayer's diocese there are about 120,000 Orthodox. He had nearly 300,000 Latins to rule. There is a handful of Lutherans and Calvinists in these parts, and of course the inevitable Jew who lends money to the Croat peasant. With all these people Strossmayer, setting what was then a new precedent, maintained friendly relations. It is hardly possible for a Croat to be on cordial terms with the Jewish money-lenders who form the tragic problem of all parts of Hungary; but with his fellow Slavs of either religion the bishop was always on the best possible footing. He lectured on subjects of national Slav interest to audiences mixed of Orthodox and Catholics, founded institutions for the benefit of both, opened meetings amid the rapturous applause of all. Towards the end of his life he had produced a result, unheard of so far, that this Latin Bishop, representing just what the Orthodox never tire of describing as the most deadly enemy of Slav nationality, was the one acknowledged leader of all Iugoslavs. He paid for his popularity by becoming more and more suspect to the Hungarian government. There is nothing that government dreads more than union among the Iugoslavs; and to promote this was the work of Strossmayer's life. So, though there was never any formal breach, he was always ignored and snubbed as far as possible. His plans were thwarted on various excuses, his ideals were discouraged, he himself was studiously kept in the background.† The See of Diakovo was supposed

* Croat *Krizevac*, Magyar *Kőrös*, German *Kreutz*.

† On June 10th, 1871, Strossmayer writes to Döllinger: "The poor Southern Slavs are ill-treated to the extreme by Vienna and Pest. I love

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to lead eventually to the Metropolitan See of Zagreb, and this was counted one that would involve a Cardinal's hat. Later, Leo XIII, who was a cordial friend to Strossmayer, wanted to give him this promotion; but the hostility of the government prevented it, and he died Bishop of Diakovo.

During his long reign of fifty-six years there he was a rich man. The See is opulent, as many in Hungary are, and he received large sums of money from his admirers and sympathizers throughout the Slav world.* He liked the splendour of his position, and kept up a great establishment, as bishops in Hungary do. In those parts the mediæval idea of a bishop as a great prince still survives. For instance, the Primate of Hungary is a most magnificent person, as grand as the grandest Archduke. It was the natural thing for Strossmayer to live up to this idea. When he arrived in Rome for the Vatican Council he surprised the Romans by the number and pomp of his retinue. He is one of the bishops of whom it is said that Pius IX remonstrated about his train of attendants, and he answered: "Sancte Pater, non dimittam hussaros meos." But that story is told of several Hungarian bishops. He had a palace where many visitors tasted the splendour, his enemies said the too great splendour, of his hospitality. The bishop's palace at Diakovo in his days was the favourite meeting-place of friends of Slavdom; the French Slavophile, Louis Leger,† Émile de Laveleye,‡ Vladimir Sloviev and many others, Protestants and Orthodox, no less than Catholics, brought away unforgettable memories of the patriot bishop. Laveleye says that of all the men he ever met the two who made most impression on him were Bismarck and Strossmayer.

When the new bishop took up his work he found his

my nation and devote all my strength to free them from an unworthy slavery and the downward path of barbarism to which they are pushed. For this reason I have been a thorn in the eye of Vienna and Pest. For years they have sought an excuse to render me harmless and get rid of me."

* His income reached the sum of fl.200,000.

† "L'évêque Strossmayer" in the *Nouvelle Revue*, 1908; *Le Monde Slave*, Paris, 1897.

‡ *La Péninsule des Balkans*, Paris, 1886.

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diocese in a very bad state. The troubles of 1848 had left desolation over all Croatia and Slavonia. Schools had been shut up, there was no work, the people were starving. Strossmayer set about to remedy all this. With an energy that never failed during the fifty-six years of his reign he reformed the religious, economical and, as far as the government would let him, political conditions of his flock. He would not keep these causes separate in his own mind ; though he knew so well how to meet and work with people who differed from him in religion. When frantic zealots of the type of Louis Veuilliot and the *Univers* included the Bishop of Diakovo in the campaign of calumny that they carried on against half the Church, he defended his course of action triumphantly. It was like the *Univers* to accuse him of spending Church property for secular interests. They said that kind of thing, or worse, about every bishop of the minority in the Council. Strossmayer answers : " My clergy understand that whatever is done for the Faith is to the good of science, and that whatever is done for science is to the advantage of the faith." As a matter of fact, he poured out his money like water for the good of his people. He improved the financial state of his see, and left no burdens and no debts to his successor. His predecessor had neglected everything. Strossmayer founded schools all over Slavonia, he built and endowed the College for Church students at Diakovo, founded a seminary for Bosnia, to which he gave 100,000 florins. He restored the old Slav chapter of St. Jerome at Rome, gave 25,000 florins to better the condition of the clergy at Sirmium, founded a Iugoslav Academy at Zagreb (Agram), to which he gave 100,000 florins, and for which he collected 400,000 more. The story of this Academy illustrates the difficulties against which he had to fight. It was to be for Croat Catholics and Orthodox Serbs equally. The statutes were approved by the Croat diet in 1861 ; the King was to be its protector. But the government, always afraid of anything that would unite the Iugoslavs, made endless difficulties and always put off its consent.

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It cost its founder thirteen years of agitation before he could obtain the necessary sanction for this. On the day of its opening, in 1874, the government, sulky to the last, forbade people to hang out flags or deck their houses. It is now recognized as a University, and remains one of many witnesses of Strossmayer's zeal for his people. He was always lavish towards any work that would help the cause of the Southern Slavs. He endowed societies at Zara, Laibach, Belgrade, Prague. He gave large sums to the brothers Miladinov for their collection of Bulgar folk songs. To a great extent Strossmayer rediscovered the Bulgars, and tried to bring them into his plans for united Slav movements. His ideal included all Slavs as brothers, an ideal that the fresh outbreak of hatred between Serbs and Bulgars has now, for a time, shattered. He paid the cost of journeys for scholars to collect monuments of Slav literature. When Theiner, in 1863, brought out his *Vetera monumenta Slavorum meridionalium historiam illustrantia* Strossmayer paid for the publication.

He was himself a scholar of great repute in many subjects. He had what seems to be the special privilege of Slavs, extraordinary facility in speaking many languages. He knew all the usual languages well, and some others. The beauty of his Latin speeches at the Vatican Council was recognized and admired by his opponents. But, naturally, it was chiefly in matters of Slav erudition, philology, history, archæology, that the Bishop made his name. In these pursuits he had an able adviser in his friend Francis Raczki, Canon of the Chapter of St. Jerome of the Illyrians at Rome, professor of the Seminary at Zagreb. Between them they made that city the centre of the Illyrian, that is, Yugoslav movement. Strossmayer deserved well of his people in social and economic matters too. For these, no less than for Slav nationality, he was always ready to spend his fortune with splendid generosity. He raised the income of his See to a state of great prosperity, after the confusion of his predecessor's reign. He founded, encouraged and supported institutions for agrarian questions, agriculture and the

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good of the peasantry. In spite of his principles the Emperor felt obliged to summon the acknowledged leader of one of the nations of the Monarchy to the Reichsrath in 1859. In politics he was a determined federalist; he made his motto "Equal burdens for all, equal rights for all." In this capacity, too, he was feared and disliked by the Magyar aristocracy, whose motto was the exact contrary, "Burdens for the Slav, privileges for the Magyar." He was a member of the Croat Diet, where he led the opposition against the Magyars. Here, in 1861, he made a declaration of his principles which became the gospel of his party. In 1865 he was the soul of the Conference for the restoration of Dalmatia. After the Magyar victory of 1867 for a time he retired, discomforted, from politics. Yet his reputation was not forgotten.

Few men in Europe, certainly few Bishops, enjoyed so great popularity among their people as did Strossmayer. There was, probably there is still, hardly a cottage in Illyricum where his portrait may not be found in a place of honour. There are many bishops, of both Churches, and both rites, in those parts; yet to every peasant throughout Croatia, Slavonia, Dalmatia, Bosnia, Strossmayer is "the Vladika,"* to the Orthodox as much as to Catholics. Even the Serbs, formerly the most intolerant of the Balkan races, gathered in thousands to cheer him, when he came to visit and confirm his little Latin flock in their country. The Northern Slavs knew of what he was doing for their brothers in the South. He was at Prague in 1869, and was received there with the same enthusiasm.

No doubt it is as the patriot bishop that Strossmayer will be chiefly remembered. Yet it would be a great mistake to think that all his activity was devoted to political causes, or to the material prosperity of his people. There is another side to his life. Meanwhile he was a holy and zealous Bishop, concerned, above all, for the spread of the Catholic faith, for the spiritual welfare of

* *Vladika* is Bishop.

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his flock. His life was irreproachable. At the time when no calumny was too false or too coarse to be flung at the minority bishops in the Council, attempts were made to throw mud at him on moral grounds. These failed so signally that his enemies had nothing better on which to fall back than the accusation that he was spending Church money on political causes, and that he was ambitious of wordly fame. While they were saying this Strossmayer was spending his own fortune on the Cathedral he built and left to his successors. To this he gave over 250,000 gulden. According to the taste of that time, he secured the man then considered the first Christian artist, Overbeck, to paint frescoes in it. The world has moved a long way since Overbeck's work was considered the ideal; however Strossmayer in choosing him took what everyone then considered the right step. As for ambition, he deliberately threw away every chance of advancement for the sake of his poor Croats. Nor was the line he took in 1870 that of a man ambitious of his career.

At the time of the Vatican Council Strossmayer made a reputation throughout the Church on other grounds. He was one of the chief opponents of Papal Infallibility. For this he needs no excuse. Before the dogma was defined he had a perfect right to his opinion. Nor need one make any apology for a Bishop who shared the view of such men as Darboy, the martyred Archbishop of Paris, of Dupanloup, Maret, Hefele, Hohenlohe, Schwarzenberg, Ketteler, Newman and so many others. During the Council the Bishop of Diakovo was the intimate friend and ally of the French minority. In Dupanloup, Darboy, Maret, with Montalembert, Gratry and others of that school, he found congenial spirits. Such an alliance was natural. There were plenty of great names among the German and Hungarian minority Bishops too; but Strossmayer was too much their political opponent to be on intimate terms with them. France was the friend of Slavs even then, France had given to the Illyrians their one little day of independence. No doubt, too, he felt natural sympathy with the Church of Bossuet. During

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the Council he made an eloquent speech in praise of the French Church. He spoke many times during the Council, always for his party and for reforms of the Church that he considered of more urgent importance than the definition of Infallibility. In these speeches he often gave offence. Several of the turbulent scenes that disturbed the peace of the Council were due to his speeches. He did not spare his words. On one occasion he provoked an uproar by calling Canon law a Babylonian confusion. Benedict XV has now practically justified his opinion. Yet even his opponents respected him. Pius IX, though he took the opposition so much to heart, on one occasion praised the beauty of Strossmayer's Latin. The Mainz *Katholik* at the time describes him as "a most remarkable speaker, a man full of spirit and zeal, who speaks Latin as no one else can. The stream of his discourse flows majestically from his mouth and the assembly follows him with uninterrupted eagerness. He spoke with Apostolic freedom." Strossmayer took a very active part in all the movements of the minority. He joined their petitions and protests to the last day. With most of the minority he left Rome before July 18th, so as not to distress the Pope. However, when the dogma was defined, Strossmayer, with Hefele and all the minority Bishops, submitted to the definition. He published the decree in his diocesan organ, the *Glasnik*, on December 26th, 1872; soon after he made his personal submission to the Pope at Rome. Those were hard days for the minority Bishops; but they put loyalty to the Church and trust in the guidance Christ had promised her first. The history of the Old Catholic schism would have been a very different thing if any bishop had joined it. Happily, after the sharp controversies of the Council, when the Church had spoken, they remembered St. Augustine's words: "Nothing is graver than the sacrilege of schism; for there can be no just necessity for breaking unity."

In connection with Strossmayer's attitude at the Council a grotesque lie, that still occasionally crops up, must be mentioned. This is the forged speech ascribed to

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him. The internal evidence of this alone shows that it is a forgery, and a stupid one. The forger has made the common mistake of laying it on too thick. The speech is not only against Papal Infallibility, it is crammed with gross heresies of every kind. No Catholic Bishop at any time could have said such things. It is trebly absurd to suppose that the Vatican Fathers would have allowed such things to be said in St. Peter's in 1870. As a matter of fact, the whole story of this absurd forgery is quite well known. It was composed by a Mexican apostate Friar, an Augustinian, named José Augustin de Escudero, in 1871. The man was a charlatan and vagabond for a time, living on Protestant sympathizers, earning his living by denouncing the Pope. Then he repented and came back to the Church, at least outwardly. During the time of his apostacy he went about showing his clumsy forgery, as an asset for his propaganda and a source of income; that he had made it so wildly improbable shows the credulity of his audiences. Strossmayer himself denied the speech a score of times. As one example, twenty years later the Prince-Bishop of Brixen found the speech distributed by the *Los von Rom* people in his diocese. He wrote to Diakovo asking about it. On August 19th, 1890, Strossmayer answered him: "It is a miserable forgery hardly worth refuting." Then he tells, yet once more, how Escudero had composed it and had put it under his name, as being that of a conspicuous Bishop of the minority. He also says that he is sick of having to repeat this so often, and shows some annoyance that people will keep on bothering him about a thing whose absurdity is obvious. The "Speech of Bishop Strossmayer at the Vatican Council" still plays a part in the controversy of Protestants of the baser kind.

As long as Pius IX lived Strossmayer was rather under a cloud. For Pius made the definition very much a personal matter. But when the new Pope succeeded, in 1878, at once a new atmosphere was felt in the Vatican. Leo XIII was by no means in complete sympathy with particular tendencies of the last reign. On one occasion

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at least Cardinal Pecci had joined the minority Bishops, in begging Pius to delay the question of Infallibility, till it came in its natural place, in the scheme about the Church. As soon as Leo was Pope he said that people would be able to judge the policy of his reign by noticing the first Cardinal he would create. This Cardinal was Newman. Already, when he was at Perugia, he was a warm friend of the Bishop of Diakovo. During all his Pontificate he continued this friendship. There was no longer any trace of rancour because of the line Strossmayer had taken, had a perfect right to take, in the stormy days of the Council. When the Metropolitan See of Zagreb was vacant Leo wanted to give it to him. This See is one of those supposed always to lead to a red hat. Strossmayer had every right to expect the promotion. It seems indeed that he had a claim to it in justice. It was the mistrust of the Hungarian government that prevented the Pope from carrying out his intention. So Strossmayer died Bishop of Diakovo. However, he enjoyed a fame that was a greater thing than a high place in the Hierarchy. During the last twenty years of his life the simple suffragan had a name throughout Eastern Europe that no Primate of Hungary has ever achieved. He made for himself a place in history that any Cardinal might envy.

After the stormy days of 1870 he settled down quietly again in his diocese and went on with the mass of good works, religious, political and economic, to which he had devoted his life. He was now without question the greatest man in the Yugoslav world. We may end by noticing his religious attitude with regard to his Orthodox neighbours. In this case especially he carried out his ideal of uncompromising loyalty to the Catholic Church, untiring efforts to put an end to the most disastrous schism of Christendom, yet, at the same time, perfect tolerance, friendly relations with those who did not agree with him, hatred of calumny, unfair attacks and uncharitable controversy against our separated fellow-Christians. Perhaps no one has yet been able to combine

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these attitudes so well as he did. His reward was the unbounded reverence and love that he, the Latin Bishop, for the first time in history, obtained from the Orthodox. As an example of his generous attitude, a passage from his Lenten Pastoral of 1881 may be quoted: "We live side by side with brothers of the Eastern rite," he says. "Let us therefore be full of charity and kindness towards them. Let us remember that the most convincing proof of the true faith is pure and benevolent charity. Remember that love is the dominating force that no one can resist. Let us love the brothers among whom we live wholeheartedly, not only because they are of our blood and of our nation, or because they have the same future as we have; but let us love them also because their Liturgy is beautiful and majestic, given to the Church by St. Basil and St. John Chrysostom, whom we too honour and invoke as great saints of God. Let us love our brothers because on their altars, as on ours, the living God is present, because in their sacred chants the voice of the East sounds no less beautiful than the voice of the West in ours. Never listen to those who would excite you against our neighbours; these are obviously the enemies of both Churches. We all honour and invoke St. Cyril and St. Method, and in doing so we all serve God. May these two holy names unite us in brotherly love."* In view of the enormous attachment of the Orthodox to their venerable rite, in view of the gratuitous offence that Latins have often given them by shallow contempt for anything to which they themselves are not accustomed, this is clearly the line to take. Here at least we can conciliate without any sacrifice of principle; here at least we can show sympathy and respect, which may be the beginning of better understanding in more essential matters.

With the advantage of this sympathy and of his popularity among all Slavs, Strossmayer attacked the problem of reunion between Catholics and Orthodox. The "Latinophron" elements in the Orthodox Church

* Quoted by Leger in *La Nouvelle Revue*.

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naturally turned first to him. When the opportunity came for attempting the beginning of a reunion movement, his long established friendly relation with his Orthodox fellow-patriots stood him, and our cause, in good stead. Chief of the Latinophron party in the Russian Church was Vladimir Soloviev. It is perhaps less well known that Soloviev was helped and encouraged in all his propaganda by Strossmayer. Between them they discussed the differences that separate their Churches, and arrived at a scheme which seems, without question, the most hopeful that has been proposed since the Council of Florence. Soloviev describes this scheme in a letter to Strossmayer written in September, 1886.* In this he concedes every point that the Catholic Church demands. Indeed, if all Russians could be brought to agree with Soloviev, there seems no reason left why a new Council of Florence should not be held at once. First he remembers the delightful days he had just spent with Strossmayer at Diakovo. "Truly I have left a part of my heart there," he writes. He wishes that Strossmayer would come to Moscow or Petrograd, and explains how much good he could do for the cause of reunion by talking it over with Russian Bishops. Then come the terms they have already discussed at Diakovo. Soloviev acknowledges the Roman Primacy in the fullest terms. "The greater part of the Slavs remain in deplorable separation from the great Catholic Unity." He claims that the Russian Church is not officially committed to any heresy, because she is committed only to the decrees of the seven Synods, that we too acknowledge. All else, all that has been said since the Seventh Synod, is nothing more than the private opinion of her theologians. So he refuses to recognize the Synods of Jerusalem, Dositheos, Kritopulos, Mogilas, any of the documents in Kimmel, as binding the Church of Russia. This leaves her guilty only of schism. Admitting this, Soloviev thinks it can be healed. For his part, he is prepared to acknowledge all that the Catholic Church requires as a condition of communion, including Papal

* In the *Letters of Vladimir Soloviev* (Russian), Petersburg, 1908.

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Infallibility.* All that would need regulating is questions of discipline. Here he asks nothing but what a Catholic could admit. The Russian Church is not in the West ; therefore it is not part of the Roman Patriarchate. In the distinction between the Western Patriarchate and the universal Primacy he sees the remedy for all difficulties. The East need not be subject to the excessive centralization of the West ; it will not be necessary to apply to the East the whole Latin system ; to be Catholic is not necessarily to be Latin. "Once the ancient union is restored, the Catholic Church, while remaining always Roman in the centre of her unity, will not be Latin and Western throughout . . . Roman is the name of the centre which remains unchangeable and equal for the whole circumference ; Latin is the name of a part only, a great section, which yet should not absorb the whole. The Roman Church, not the Latin Church, is Mother and Mistress of all Churches. The Bishop of Rome, not the Patriarch of the West, speaks infallibly *ex cathedra* ; we must not forget that there was a time when he spoke Greek." Soloviev says that there are many in Russia who wish for reunion ; but they fear that they would be latinized. Union then could be restored on the following basis : (1) If, maybe, many opinions of Russian theologians have been and are false and heretical, nevertheless the Pope could acknowledge that the faith of the Eastern Church, as such, is orthodox and Catholic. (2) The distinction could be made clearly between the Pope as successor of St. Peter, shepherd and infallible teacher of the universal Church, and his administrative authority as Western Patriarch. "I need not insist," he says, "on this last point. I have entire confidence in the traditional, and Divinely guided, wisdom of the Roman Church." Then "Rome would gain a deeply religious people, a people enthusiastic for religious ideas. She would have mighty defenders. Russia, free of the sin of schism, would become the centre of all the Slav peoples."

On October 12th of the same year Strossmayer sent

* He hesitates a little about the Immaculate Conception.

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this letter on to the Nuntius at Vienna (Serafino Vannutelli), accompanying it with a warm recommendation of his own, in which he approves of all Soloviev has said, and adds his own conviction that no just autonomy nor privilege of the Russian Church need be destroyed by reunion. Unhappily, nothing came of the attempt of the two friends, except that it remains a model and example for happier days that may come. In this correspondence we have a document of first importance, showing how easily, with a little good will on either side, the most deplorable of all schisms could be healed. No better scheme has been proposed, none that could so well be taken up again as a basis for further discussion. This too, the Church owes, on our side, to Strossmayer.

The controversies so heated in 1870 are now nearly forgotten. Strossmayer died, almost the last survivor of those disputants, in 1905, ninety years old; and the whole Slav world mourned his death. On the other side, before God, they have found the solution of their former discussions and concord after controversy. No doubt there is a purgatory for those who were too self-willed and too attached to their private opinions, in face of what the Church held; there is a purgatory too for "the insolent and aggressive faction." Doubtless the minority had a work to do in the scheme of God's providence. The Decree of 1870 was by no means all that a faction had wanted. It seems that in the Kingdom of God, too, His Divine Majesty has need of His Opposition. What remains of Strossmayer's life, after those controversies are forgotten, is his work for the reunion of Christendom, and for his people. If, as we now hope, the Iugoslavs will at last be able to assert their national existence, there will be no one whom they will remember, as national hero and pioneer of their cause, more than the Latin Bishop of Diakovo. If a still more sacred cause prevails, if the day comes when the Church of God no longer has to mourn the loss of her Eastern children, then in the feast of reunion the memory of the Catholic and patriot must have

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a place too. He loved his Church too well to confuse her cause with things of earth, and he loved his people too well not to wish to see them Catholics.

ADRIAN FORTESCUE.

THE GERMAN & IRISH ELEMENT *in the* AMERI- CAN MELTING POT*

THE Great War caught the Great American People on their peaceful and rapid progress towards their racial goal. Political civilization had been set. Religious and ethical standards had been lifted. Environment, both natural and artificial, had been loosed on the assorted race values of Europe. Students of heredity both feared and hoped. Optimists prevailed over eugenists in their expectation of what new type of American might emerge with the second Millennium. About A.D. 2000 the "American" is due.

The Great War struck America in her midriff and the simmering Melting Pot was set to boil by the sudden exaltation of military citizenship above racial and social considerations. The descendant of the Signer of the Declaration of Independence marched under the draft with the sons of Italy, Hungary and Slavdom, many of the latter being unable to speak the language of the country they were called to defend. Their absorption by tongue and blood was hurried on by the war at least a generation. America could but feel alarmed as well as interested in her racial components. But it was not the product of the new immigration that rippled diplomatic and administrative anxiety so much as two well settled elements in the community. "What will the Germans do? and What will the Irish do?" Would the one fight against Germany and the other by the side of England? Alarmist myths were soon dissipated. In spite of virulent excep-

* *The German Element in the United States*, by A. B. Faust. *The Scotch-Irish in America*, by H. J. Ford. *The History of the Roman Catholic Church in America*, by Bishop O'Gorman. *Our Slavic Fellow Citizens*, by Emily Balch. *The Old World in the New*, by Prof. E. A. Ross. *Nationalizing America*, by Edward Steiner. *Aliens or Americans*, by H. B. Grose. *Races and Immigrants in America*, by J. R. Commons. *The Americans*, by Prof. Munsterburg. U.S. Census Returns. Private Information.

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tions the normal tendency of both German and Irish stock was shown to be irretrievably American.

Temporary heart-burnings and bitterness there were amongst Germans to whom the Pan-German legend had seemed to varnish and even overblazon the bitterer memories of the land from which their fathers had fled, and amongst Irishmen who felt that their sons were to die in a Europe wherein Ireland has not yet won her secular hope. It is a strange thought that the sons of the Fenians and of the evicted are returning to defend the homes of those who terribly wronged their fathers in the past. But the peril of America proved potent in second thoughts, and the Irish and German stocks together outnumber any single racial section in the forces. A great many of these have been American for three and four generations, and would be as much surprised to hear their loyalty questioned as Waldorf Astor or Rockefeller, for whom Mr. Faust claims a German origin, even suggesting that Lincoln was really a Linkhorn of Pennsylvania Dutch origin. No less, indeed, is Archbishop Mundelein of Chicago of real American ancestry. Not only did Archbishop Mundelein take the lead in organizing the Liberty Loan as a Diocesan duty, but he was able to claim that no spiritual subject of his out of over a million had been held for disloyalty. The Irish contribution to the forces, which was reckoned as 10 per cent. in the Civil War, has waxed nearer 20 per cent. in this, and some of the casualty lists have been proudly compared to the roll-call of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. The unwieldy and unsettled elements from Eastern and Southern Europe proved a much less easy problem for a Continent bracing her varied race-values to realize the duties as well as the rights of American citizenship. In American citizenship or Catholic membership the race name means nothing.

A consideration of the parallel and sometimes rival influences of the German and Irish-American in the United States affords a fascinating and little travelled field of study. The influences are obviously political or racial. The new values they were able to contribute

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racially are less easy to trace than their mark on the political surface. The racial entry of the German and Irish immigrations during the last century was facilitated by the presence of kindred and stubborn stocks in the Scotch-Irish and the Pennsylvania Dutch, both religious refugees of the preceding century who had offset the Anglo-Saxon as a predominant though not as a ruling element. The Southern Cavalier maintained his culture on an artificial base of slavery without fear of a white industrial class lifting it from under him, while the New England Puritan had become an ecclesiocracy unto himself. Penn and Queen Anne were responsible for shipping the Pennsylvania Dutch, who were largely religious sectaries from Germany, Mennonites, Dunkards, and non-combatant believers. The Lutherans came later. George II sent the Salzburgers to Georgia. By the middle of the Eighteenth Century, with Germantown for metropolis, the "Dutch" so-called were rooted in the soil of Pennsylvania. Franklin wrote that of the six printing presses in the State two were German and two half-German. "Few of their children knew English," he pointed out, and they themselves were not "used to liberty." If they had known more about liberty their language might have stood a chance of becoming the North-American language. The first entire Bible to be printed in America was the Sauer Bible in German. The Scotch-Irish made a racial foil to the Palatinate Boers. The latter grasped the land even closer than the hardly dispossessed of Ulster. "In the Eighteenth Century they kept the Irish moving" (Faust). Their contributions were different. The Germans gave the Red Barn and the County Fair to American life while the Scotch-Irish brought the log schoolhouse. While the English were Quaker, Episcopalian and Congregational, the Germans were akin to Quaker or Lutheran, but the Presbyterian Church of America came from Ulster. Incidentally the mother of American Methodism was Barbara Heck, a Palatine from Ireland. The Germans clung to their tongue while the Scotch-Irish became quicker

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Americanized. Pioneers from both races carried forward and defended the frontier. The Germans, in the Carolinas, are described as "almost as plentiful on the frontiers as the Irish." Secretary of State Toulmin reported that, in Kentucky, out of any twelve families of German stock nine would prosper, while only four out of the same number of Irish. Faust, in his anxiety to show German preponderance, uses this quotation, but afterwards changes "prospered" to survived. But often the unprosperous survive in the largest families. On the other hand, Roosevelt, in his *Winning of the West*, claims too much for the pioneer work for the Scotch-Irish, though they undoubtedly were those "with axe and rifle who won their way from the Alleghanies to the Pacific." But Celtic and German stragglers went with them. Whence came they? As slaves, stowaways, servants, sailors, In 1766 we find rewards offered for runaway Irish servants (O'Rourke and Maginnis), and for runaway German miners (Bruderlein and Baun), the former apparently valued at twice the latter. By 1790, both Germans and Irish owned slaves, the latter twice as many as the Germans.

And who were the oddly named Scotch-Irish? In the Eighteenth Century they were so distinguished from the Gaelic and Catholic Irish, who, as redemptioners or stowaways, had crept into America, and who were to be found with the Ulster-Scotch on the frontier facing common enemies. Scot or Gael, he was "the true pine bender and path preparer of the new world" (d'Arcy Magee). Tests of climate and religion had already hardened the Scotch-Irish character. During the Eighteenth Century the Ulster Presbyterians came in force to America. Penalized out of Ireland, rebuffed in New England, they penetrated New Hampshire and Pennsylvania, bringing the log church, the Irish wake, a hatred of England, and the spinning-wheel on which their women in Kentucky spun the first American linen out of buffalo wool and nettles. The towns of Raphoe, Coleraine, Donegal and Derry in Pennsylvania were of their creation. Their great memory was the siege of London-

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derry, and partakers in that event held their farms exempt from taxation. Six Governors of New Hampshire were of Londonderry stock. At the Revolution it was a third of the population of Pennsylvania, whose Quakers and Moravians they protected from the Indian. Quakers and Anglicans tended to be subservient to the Government, but Presbyterian and Catholic, both hailing from Ireland, knew no such excess of loyalty, and between them composed a half of the Revolutionary army. Irish enthusiasts too often claim the Scotch-Irish achievement as strictly Irish, and, on the other hand, what is due to the early Gaelic settlers is swept into the credit of the more dogged stock. The names of Sullivan, Murphy and Bryan mingle with Hanna, McKinley and Polk. Lynchburg and Healystown, in Virginia, are no doubt early tracks of the Celtic race. It was a Sullivan mother who boasted she had worked in the fields carrying a Governor of Massachusetts while the Governors of New Hampshire and Vermont held her skirts. Patrick, though not a Scotch-Irish name, was thickly sown on the Revolutionary roll. Patrick Carr was a victim in the Boston Massacre from which Webster dated "the severance of the British Empire." The Declaration of Independence is associated with the Scotch-Irish, down to its Secretary and printer. The Germans produced some Tories and even one paper in the British interest, but most of them realized, as later in the Civil and in the present War, on which side lay Liberty. In Mecklenburg County we find them issuing a loyal protest against the local Scotch-Irish, who led the revolutionary van. Their leadership in the struggle was reflected in the succession of Scotch-Irish Presidents. No German blood reached the White House except what little the Harrisons and Tylers inherited from the Armsteads. The debt to Ireland was felt, and to the People of Ireland the Continental Congress addressed memorable words: "Your Parliament had done us no wrong. You had ever been friendly to the rights of mankind, and we acknowledge with pleasure and gratitude that your nation has produced patriots, who have nobly distinguished

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themselves in the cause of humanity and America." It was remembered that Ethan Allen, while still a British prisoner, was regaled by the gentlemen of Cork. Perhaps the old Irish Parliament, gentlemen's Parliament as it was, might, had it survived, have proved England's surest link with America.

The German part in the Revolution was considerable and offset the Hessian mercenaries, many of whom were induced by adroit exposition of German Churches and provender to desert and eventually to settle as citizens of the Republic. General Custer, of Indian fame, was the descendant of a Hessian. From the old-fashioned "Dutch" sprang Rockefeller, Schwab, Frick, Wanamaker. The deepest German influence on America was not military, in which it shared with other elements, nor does German religious influence compare in effect with the Irish influence, but it was educational. From the day Franklin visited Göttingen to the day Johns Hopkins was founded in the 'seventies, a perfect counterpart of the German University "without concessions to the English College idea" (Munsterburg), Germany obsessed the American educator. Though the influence in the end was artificialized it was originally genuine. Princeton and her kindred colleges were due to the Scotch-Irish, but to Harvard and Columbia Germany spelt knowledge. The democracy of letters seemed resident beyond the Rhine and the atmosphere of Anglican privilege at Oxford and Cambridge failed to attract young America. Everett, the American Minister, had been hooted at Oxford for a Unitarian, in the heyday of the Oxford Movement. Emerson, Motley, Bancroft and Longfellow had gone to Göttingen and not to England, part of a process Hamilton Mabie described as restoring "the intellectual equilibrium between the old and the new world." In 1800 German books did not exist in Boston, but by the 'forties Wendell Barrett records a general "glib delight about German philosophy, German literature and German music." The German claim is exaggerated by Faust in asserting that Emerson represented German philosophy,

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Hawthorne German romanticism, and that even the genius of Irish Poe was due to Hoffmann, while the unique Whitman was inspired by Goethe, but time has lent an ironical sense to his words that "German culture has shaken the young American giant out of his stupor of self-absorption." Nevertheless, as a whole "they have Germanized us more than we have Americanized them" (Grose).

It is not surprising to find that attempts were made in Pennsylvania and Ohio to place German on an equality with English. In the 'thirties this was so theoretically in law. The Moravians taught the Delaware Indians to sing German hymns. German prevailed against French, but the penetrating English was an obstacle. One by one the Lutheran and reformed Churches dropped the German language to save the Church. Typical was the famous Synod in 1827, which began in German but concluded in English. It was not until the 'eighties that a last effort was engineered and foiled to save German as a living tongue in America by means of the Catholic school and pulpit. What is called Cahenslyism was destroyed in the Church by the instinctive sentiment of the Irish Bishops. The Germans are a pillar of the Church in America, but the Irish have always held the roof-top. The first Philadelphia parish began in 1733 with twenty-two Irish and fifteen Germans. The Catholic proportions have remained in the Irish favour.

Cahenslyism is defined in the Standard Dictionary of America by no friend of the movement as "a plan of polity for the Roman Catholics in the United States submitted to the Pope Leo XIII in 1891 by Herr Peter Paul Cahensly of the German Parliament." It entailed a proportional representation of strictly German Bishops as such on the Episcopal Bench, and "hence by extension foreignism among Roman Catholics in America."

Though Cahenslyism failed, the tendency it represented had long preceded and even survived it. While the secular clergy under Irish influences were rapidly Americanizing the Church, Orders like the Redemptorists

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and Benedictines had been more in touch with Germany than with American life. German pastors could but find themselves in the position of "guardian angels" to German interests. The Paulist Order had its origin in this very source. In the 'fifties, Father Walworth wrote to Archbishop Purcell complaining bitterly that Father Hecker, himself a German, had been dismissed from the Redemptorists for trying to Americanize the Order in America. American subjects were to be sent to Quebec or the Indies. As a result, Father Hecker and his companions seceded and founded the Paulists as a non-German and native American Order. Religious Orders remained Germanized, so that Irish and native postulants had to learn German in order to say their prayers in many houses. With the Paulists the Dominicans showed themselves early Americanized, thanks to their Irish affinities. The American Jesuits used German subjects, but were never encumbered with German ideals. While the great Benedictine Houses remained German-speaking strongholds, wherever the Irish penetrated they amalgamated the Church with the national life. Cognisant of this the Holy See has permitted the American episcopate to grow up overwhelmingly Irish in name. The movement amongst German Catholics in America must be distinguished, however, from the political activity of recent years, such as the German-American alliance. The older priests were not concerned with Germany so much as with German-Americans, whose Faith they feared would pass with the language. They feared Americanization as a step towards the prevailing American indifference in religion. The attempt to give the Catholic University at Washington an undue German representation was prevented by a succession of American Rectors (Keane, Conaty, O'Connell and Shahan), who, while inviting the fruits of German science, declined any racial interest. When America entered the war, Bishop Shahan placed the entire University at the service of the President, who gratefully acknowledged the action.

While it was only right that principal attention should

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be given to the patriotic and dignified tocsins issued by the three Cardinals of Irish descent, it is only fair to recall that the strongest statement of the duty of American Catholics to support the war at its outbreak came from Archbishop Moeller of Cincinnati. Likewise it was not a surprise that Cardinal Gibbons, in the choice of the four Bishops who preside over the Catholic War Council, should with true statesmanship and judgment have selected Bishop Schrembs of Toledo. Without the Catholics of German and Irish name America would be deprived of a loyalty and a force to which the Administration have done justice by meeting the claims of the spiritual in every way.

At one time there was an ambitious attempt to Germanize not only Churches but whole States. Immigration was concentrated on Texas, or Missouri, or Wisconsin. The Prince of Prussia was interested in the first scheme to settle Texas, and the British Government approved of it as a means to keep Texas from annexation by the United States! German emigrants were over-representative, including republican nobles, religious and social idealists and the so-called "Latin farmer," who had been trained in college. German Catholics could be proud of the Prince-priest Gallitzin, or of the Bohemian Bishop Neumann, Philadelphia's candidate for canonization, who, in the 'forties, found it a necessary step towards sanctity to learn Irish. But the times were hard, and both German and Irish went through the same mill. Many fell by the wayside, succumbing to the hardships of nature or to the intenser economical struggle with their fellow-men. German Barons wheeled barrows at Galveston, and the children of decent Irish farmers dug the American canals. Olmsted describes the accompaniments of Texas Germans in 1859 as "Madonnas on log walls, coffee in tin cups upon Dresden saucers, barrels for seats to hear a Beethoven symphony on a grand piano, a bookcase half-filled with classics, half with sweet potatoes."

The Southern States having slaves did not attract Irish or German. The North became the hard though just task-

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master of both. For though the Emmets and Macnevin's and Irish refugees of '98 had entered the aristocracy of New York, the famine refugees became the Gibeonites of America. The rise of the American or Know-Nothing Party embittered their days. Irish Churches and German Turnvereiner were equally violated by the native mob. Even the block of marble contributed by the Pope to the Washington monument was broken in pieces. Edward Everett Hale was the first to demand at least an equal welcome for the exiled Irish as for the escaped slave: "Every Irishman who leaves Ireland for America seems to be as really driven thence by the intentional or unintentional arrangements of stronger nations as if he had made a stand in a fight on the beach of Galway and been driven by charged bayonets into the sea. We are, or ought to be, welcoming these last wrecks of so many centuries of retreat." Thus spake the authentic voice of America. The Civil War changed the status of the foreign-born. Originally the Irish and, to an extent, Germans had joined the Democrats as a protest against the Nativist Party. Thenceforward the Irish and German votes obsessed the minds of the politicians. General Scott, as Presidential candidate in 1852, welcomed the "rich brogue of the Irish and the foreign accent of the German," which he said recalled to him his battlefields in Mexico. The German mind did not take to local politics as the Irish did, being more impressed with the State. In the 'forties Sir Charles Lyell found the Ohio "Dutch" averse from speculation, opposed to railways, and indifferent to the newspapers so dear to the Scotch-Irish, while to his amazement a Repeal procession with emblazoned banners of O'Connell met him in the streets of New York, so intense was the Irish interest in the politics of both hemispheres.

But the Civil War carried an issue above politics. In spite of the Puritan element in the Republican Party the Germans, led by the exiles of '48, joined it against slavery. Of eighty-eight German papers eighty had opposed extending slavery into Kansas. The only Repub-

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lican paper in Maryland was in German. However, the earliest woman prohibitionist was a Kelley. The German militia saved the arsenal at St. Louis, and held Missouri for the Union. Though Buchanan had many Irish and some German votes when the Slave Party made him President, Fremont, his rival, the first candidate of the Republican Party, had the bulk of the Germans and an Emmet as Chairman of the Convention nominating him. It was the foreign vote again which helped twice to elect Lincoln, and the foreign recruit who helped to win the war. There is no need to record Irish achievement on the battlefield. Faust protests against calling the Irish in comparison with the Germans "the better and more numerous fighters." The incomplete records certainly show 176,000 German volunteers to the 144,000 raised from the Irish, but as to which were the better soldiers Professor Ross adds, "More Germans than Irish enlisted in the Union armies, but more of the Irish rose to be officers." Both German and Irish volunteered in greater proportion to their numbers than the native American.

In a sense the Civil War brought more social equality to the North than to the South, for henceforward the Irish were citizens and none could say them nay. The South invited their labour. But the Irish clung to the North, whose politics they mastered during the 'seventies and 'eighties. The Irish political Boss became a national type. He was the survival of the fittest, "and the fittest is the Irishman" (Ross). The Irish vote could be described as often dominant, but the German vote was independent. They clashed over Reform. Where Reform was not allied to Prohibition or to anti-German measures in education, it was supported by the Germans. We find Havemeyer as Reform Mayor in New York; Phahler fighting the political ring in Philadelphia and Spreckels in San Francisco. The German cartoonist, Nast, overthrew the Irish Tammany in New York, which he identified fairly enough with the Tiger which abideth in American allegory. At the same time it is fair to record a Fagan, Reform Mayor of Jersey, and a Dunne, Reform Mayor

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of Chicago, while Charles O'Connor was instrumental in overthrowing Boss Tweed. The Irish were not always tied to the Democrats. In 1884 Patrick Ford brought an Irish vote to support the Republican candidate and Archbishop Ireland helped to make McKinley President in 1896.

The Germans generally made better use of their national Press in America. It was far more extensive than the Irish and more united. When German papers were uniting together against slavery the Irish Press was divided for or against the Young Ireland movement. The *Pilot* opposed the *Freeman*. Catholic interests were upheld by the foreign national Press. The first Catholic daily was a German-American paper. Later the *Irish World* conducted an agrarian revolution in Ireland from New York. But Irish journalistic talent went entirely into the mighty American Press, which probably acquired its highly developed sense of curiosity and exuberance from a Celtic source. The most signal effect of the German papers on America has been Socialism. While the steady propaganda has been due to German idealism, the organizing of Labour has more often fallen to the Irish, who it is claimed have proved the conservative element in Labour. The Civil War greatly advanced Trade Unionism, but German theorism rapidly carried it to an anarchic extreme. Three of the four anarchists executed at Chicago in 1887 were Germans. But of recent years Irish names have figured in the school of advanced methods, like Macnamara and Mooney.

The year 1882 was in many ways a turning point in the history of labour and immigration in America. In 1882 anti-militarism renewed the German wave, while political troubles caused another wave of the Irish. In 1882 persecution in Russia turned the Russian Jew America-ward. Congress forbade the entry of the Chinese, and the shadow of the Slav mounted the horizon.

Statistically we are confronted with questions which have a deep bearing in the present state of racial suspicions and jealousies. What is really the quantity and the

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quality of the Germans and the Irish in the United States? Apart from the Pennsylvania Dutch, who have sunk into the community, except where they continue their language as a *patois* similar to the French-Canadian dialect, the Germans compose the largest foreign element in the United States distinguishable from the bulk. The Irish have prevented America's being Germanized. A few figures are suggestive. The first census was taken in 1790 and dealt with the twelve principal States, which were 90 per cent. British. Fortunately an analysis of all the family names is available, and the Celtic leaven can be detected, though often running into Anglicized forms, as when Doherty turns into Dorothy and Flanagan into Flanningham. The following Irish clans reckoned over a hundred heads of family—Bourke, Daly, Dougherty, Healy, Ryan, Sullivan, McCormick, McCarthy, Connolly, McBride. Of Conor there were two, of Murphy three, and of Kelley five hundred heads of family living in the Republic. Of Neills and Bryans there were two hundred each, with a third to each again of those who in some form retained the Celtic "O." Out of two-and-three-quarter millions there were less than 45,000 Irish, and more than 150,000 Germans. In New York City there were 244 Irish to 88 German families. Virginia and Pennsylvania held one-third of these Irish and three-quarters of these Germans. In the five other States, outside the census of 1790, it can only be computed that there were about seventeen thousand Irish to twenty thousand Germans. In Delaware ten years later there was one German to ten Irish. By 1900, without counting immigration, the original population should have increased to 35 millions, of which the due increase of German should have been two million and of Irish half a million. Their growth was, of course, equally hidden and overwhelmingly extended by immigration. It is sad to consider the large proportion of pure Anglo-Saxon names in the census of 1790 which have become extinct, and the blood of which has either decayed or entered into the veins of other folks. Taking "Mac" as a Celtic

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denominator, whether from Scotland or Ireland, it is interesting to know that there were 7,029 families using the prefix "Mac" with a little under 30,000 members. It was not for a century that a "Mac" became President, in the person of McKinley, who affected the phrase "We Irish."

In the decade from 1845 to 1855 a million Germans and a million and a quarter Irish came to America. In 1860 the Germans and Irish together constituted nearly 70 per cent. of the foreign-born. In 1880 they composed only 58 per cent., of which the Irish were nearly 28.

The next decade, from 1880 to 1890, was one of intense immigration. One and a half millions of Germans and nearly half a million Irish crossed the Atlantic. German legislation and imperial economy in cannon fodder then interfered with the drain. Land Acts in Ireland began to have a similar effect. Still, in 1900, there were two and a half million German-born to one and a half Irish-born, and three-quarters of a million born English. The Germans were the most numerous foreign element in twenty-seven States, the Irish dominating only in Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Nevada. Ten years later the foreign-born in America had increased by three millions, but the Irish and Germans were being absorbed by marriage and citizenship, the former being reduced in percentage of the foreign-born from 15 to 10, and the latter from 27 to 18.

What number of Germans can be reckoned in the United States to-day? The calculators say from ten to twenty-five millions. From a tenth to one-fourth, a current equal to the Spanish blood in South America, of the blood is German. When Munsterburg wrote ominously at the beginning of the war of "the twenty-five millions in whose homes lives the memory of German ancestors" he was making an uncritical use of Mannhardt's calculation made in 1903, which was disproved by other German statisticians at the time. Taking the census of 1910 of the foreign stock there were eight millions born in Germany or of German parents, four

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and a half millions born in Ireland or of Irish parents. Mixed stock with one native-born parent gave Ireland another million and Germany another million and three-quarters. The Irish element would hold the balance between the representatives of the Central Powers and of the Allies (without Russia). The Irish millions cover any figure from six to ten. Boston and Washington were the only important cities where the Irish composed the largest foreign element, though they came second in Philadelphia, Los Angeles and San Francisco. In 1910 there were 71 towns with over a thousand Irish-born and 92 with over a thousand German-born; twenty-eight towns with over five thousand Irish-born and 19 with over the same number of German, 13 towns with over ten thousand Irish-born and 21 with more than the same number of German-born.

As citizens the German and Irish cannot be said to blend, owing to inherent differences of character and instinct. To study intermixture one must refer to previous census. In 1880 there were four and a half millions with an Irish father and four and three-quarters with a German one, compared to two millions with British fathers. A generation of their seed has passed into America. The Germans have intermarried more often proportionately with the English than with the Irish. The British have also mingled more than the Irish with the Slav. In 1900 there were four times as many British as Irish mothers of Polish children. The Irish figured in seven of the eight leading race-combinations, "showing their ability to mix with the different elements of our population. The children from these unions have constituted a desirable addition" (W. F. Bailey). Each German or Irish element is finding its own course and level in the gradual mixture with the American stream, though in marriage, politics and commerce there are and have been many effective partnerships. Prominent athletes have been of Hiberno-German mixture. In the most famous of American nurseries Ellwanger and Barry, the Teutonic member of the firm

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was "producer and scientist, while Patrick Barry, born in Ireland, did the selling." Again, in the firm of Sullivan and Adler, architects, the former "was the artist, Adler the scientific man." But the Germans have coalesced oftener with the native stock in business. In politics their relations have been generally those of massed German voters against subtle Irish bosses. The Independents have broken away, and on the whole the German has found himself more at home with the native American than with the Irish, who decline German leadership. During the Nineteenth Century it was his boast that his numbers with the Anglo-Saxon made America a Germanic country. Only with the dawn of an insane pan-Germanism was the German-American tempted from Berlin to oppose English and English interests in America as a religious duty and to cultivate the otherwise disliked Irish section. His papers ceased to be what Hermann Ridder had claimed, "American papers printed in the German language." They became consciously or unconsciously tinctured by transatlantic suggestion. The German-American Alliance began to lift unhealthy fingers towards legislation and even towards the sacred Senate. Few Irish were really influenced, continuing to regard all "Dutchmen" with something a little between indifference and ridicule. But Secretary Hay was so troubled by German influences on the Senate that he obtained Ambassador Holleben's return in 1903.

Many minor differences may still be traced before both races are engulfed in the American melting pot. One-third of the Germans settled in rural districts while five-sixths of the Irish went to the great cities. The Germans begin higher in the scale, but do not show the "amazing buoyancy" of the Irish. The German professions are more sedentary, those of bakers, tailors and engravers, while the Irish prefer mobile or adventurous professions as firemen, policemen and brake-men. Each race has produced a cattle-king, Miller and Endahy. The great miners have been Irish, Daly, Mackay, John D. Ryan, true to the quest of El Dorado. Typical was the true

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tale of Walsh, the silver king, who, in a mine, vainly assayed for silver and, abandoned by a Heidelberg expert, discovered that the ore held gold. At one time the police chiefs in 48 cities numbered 33 Irish while 5 were German. The Germans lead in furniture, cutlery, glass and agriculture, while the Irish prevail in linen, cotton and wool manufacture and also in construction work. Successful Germans are technical where the prominent Irish are executive. The German is a gymnast where the Irish prefers to be an athlete. Medically, the Irish doctors are not generally so well grounded as the Germans, but they are said to be quicker as surgeons. In the musical sphere the Germans have been dominant, and claim as deep an influence in America as that of the Irish politically, though the Italians are now outrivalling them. "From Yankee Doodle to Parsival in less than seventy years" is Faust's claim for the German achievement. In art the Germans also claim to have guided the schools of modern American painting and to have produced the national landscape painter in Bierstadt, but for sheer genius sculptors of Irish blood have headed the American roll. St. Gaudens, the superb sculptor of America, was born of a McGuinness mother in Dublin. Milmore, who produced the type of Civil War monument in his Boston memorial, was born in Sligo. The names John Donoghue, Connelly, and Connor also figure in the history of the plastic art. Mighty and portentous builders have sprung of German stock, but L. H. Sullivan led the revolt of the airy steel building against the tradition of the past. Charles Maginnis is in the first rank of American architects to-day.

The general tendency has been one of absorption. German names have been Anglicized and Irish blood diluted until their memory is forgotten. With the third and the fourth generation all is straight-American. In early days the Irish and German united on the frontier against the Indian. Two most celebrated Indian fighters were Johann Hartmann and Timothy Murphy, the latter of whom married a German. Later we find a Wetzel

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associated with a McMahon on the frontier and the rapid intermixture of both with British stocks following the Revolution. The immigrant of the 'forties united to oppose the Nativist Party, and later to fight the Civil War to its bitter end. With the 'eighties the last great contributions of German and Irish blood arrived. But to meet the "Molly Maguires" among the Pennsylvania miners, and the great strikes of the 'eighties, the employers had sought the labour of the Slav. As the native element had once been displaced from the mill by German and Irish, so the latter were now pushed upward. The Irish worker went out and the Slav came in. The history of the New York clothing trade is typical. The Irish and German took it from the Scotch and English, and in turn have been ousted by the Russian Jew. In a report of 1865 it was the "German old clothesman" and the "Irish rag-picker" who were classed as undesirable. Their descendants, often in affluent positions, are inclined to term the Slav and the Italian by the same reproach; but who, even among the Eugenists, can properly know? To the extent that the old immigrants have bettered their positions, they have made themselves desirable. Many have fallen in the race, but few have taken the short cuts of crime. The Irish have 1 per cent. of paupers and the Germans less than $\frac{1}{3}$ of 1, but the statistics of the debarred and deported are in favour of the Irish. As an instance in crime, Chicago felony for 1913 showed the Germans with 12 per cent. of the population and 9 per cent. of the convictions; the Irish with over 4 per cent. of the population showed under 3 per cent. of the convictions. Though the Irish contribute a far greater share of paupers and prisoners, serious or moral crime is "almost unknown among them" (Ross). "Among a score or more of nationalities the Irish stand nearly at the foot of the list in the commission of larceny, fraud or homicide." Homicide is an Italian and fraud a Jewish failing. Irish sins occur in politics and potations. The German and the Irish insane are equal in number, while there are twice as many Irish paupers,

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though the German population is much greater. This is accounted for by the fact that the German immigration reached its maximum after the Irish. There are fewer still of Russians or Italians thrown on the charges of the State. Alms and mad-houses sweep up the wrecks and wastage of immigrations a generation back. Slav cemeteries are in their infancy, but there are millions of tombs inscribed to "a native of Ireland." Every county and townland and parish in Ireland could be collated by some future archæologist tracing the Milesian invasion of America. The politics of the dead could probably be deduced from the single rock a New York patriot piled for his grave with the legend "This stone will endure longer than the British Empire." The politics of the living still await the wisdom of British statesmanship.

Evil counsels from Europe have since made political arson and espionage a peculiar German crime, which their republican forebears in the 'forties would have rejected with horror. What is to be the German-American future in America? Is the past undone and the future marred by the inspired criminality of the few? It needs a Belgian palate to appreciate some of the mental suffering that German America has endured since the entry of their Fosterland into war with the Fatherland. "It is our Calvary," said an earnest Catholic war-worker. Once the native American despised the "Dutchman," who scorned the "Mike," who mocked the "Dago," but within a year the fingers of scorn and even of the lynchers are pointed at the German element. The prestige, position and sacrifice of three generations are threatened. The bulk of German-Americans have shown themselves solemnly dutiful and loyal, and Mr. Wilson has given them every excuse, every plank, and every opportunity to do so. But a day of swift division and parting has nevertheless come. Fathers who were born in Germany are estranged from sons who were born in America and are marching for her to war. Some there have been who have found their blood too strong for them, and have found their way to internment. Others of wealth have

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quietly made purpose to return to Germany after the war. The name of Germany must remain in odium, while there is a Republic in America, but German names will remain in the population without need of shame or apology, as they appear one by one in the casualty lists. The spies and agents of Germany and those deluded by them will be returned to Germany, but America will have the German stock always with her. As she has made better use of the German than the Prussian Government has in peace time, so she is putting him to better work during war than the Fatherland could have found for him, work to which he has not shown himself so unwilling, if he may redeem the ever-present stigma of his race overseas. Except for sporadic outbreaks not due to Government influence, the German-American has been spared indignity, and his responsible leaders have asked not to be spared blood or treasure in American service.

The obscuration which has passed over the German name has encouraged Slavs and Latins to feel for an equal if not a higher position for themselves. Italians in America are demanding one at least of the more prominent Sees and Senatorships. Has not Italian blood contributed an Argentine President? Poles are seizing every chance to emphasize their citizenship against the German background. Will the new Slavic and Italian immigrations deteriorate the race stock? As Munsterburg said, "What is to happen if the non-Germanic millions are to pour in unhindered?" Will they improve with environment or will the older stock assert its superiority? In the 'forties, when Lyell found the Wallachian, Welsh and Irish settling in Ohio, he prophesied that the New England stock would act like the philosopher's stone in transmuting their metal. Such was no doubt the case, for the best out of all the stocks were caught into an improved breed. But the New Englander has since lost what was called "frontier prolificacy," and Professor Ross has invented the now recognized term "race suicide." A study of the birth-rate of Harvard and Yale graduates shows that since the Civil War they have left an inferior

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number of sons and that 20 per cent. of their marriages are childless. The older stocks are dying down, and now it is even a question whether the Germanic and Celtic stocks can, in the second and third generations, hold their own against the teeming Latin and Slav. New York, in twenty-five years, might well be Italianized, except that the immigrant lessens his family as he climbs the social scale. The Italian is quickly Americanized because he desires to be. "Who was that *dago* from your country who discovered us?" an Italian hopeful asked his father on Columbus Day. Greeks and Italians, the children of Athens and Rome, are amazed to find themselves insulted and regarded as inferiors by previous immigrants, who have acquired the asset of the language. Miss Addams records the social gulf between the Irish and Italian women in Chicago, though the former were a generation ago impoverished and evicted refugees, while the latter may claim to be the children of the Renaissance.

Italians may yet weave the same beauty into American womanhood as the Irish did in the past. It is not a question of race values so much as the difference between a race that is Americanized in one generation, and one that takes two. This is shown when Jews and Italians take Irish names under the impression that they look the most American. A certain Giovanni Salvini reappeared as John L. Sullivan. "A priest, born of Italian parents, speaking English and Italian, will see priests, new come from Ireland, promoted over him because he is a foreigner" (Batch). The Italian holds his mother tongue as lightly as the faith of his fathers. Unless he intends to return to Italy he scraps it at the first occasion. For social or economic reasons he is very willing to adopt any religion that looks American. It may come as a shock to some to know that there are more Protestant than Catholic Italian church buildings in America. This is due partly to the enterprise of the American sects, partly to Italian and Irish jealousies and not least to the inability of Italian bishops to train priests to teach the Catechism. Struggles in America are not religious or racial, but social and econo-

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mical. What the Germans gain by their superior economical knowledge on arrival they lose to their language. The immigrant, like the Slav, who is impeded by both his language and his economical value, sinks to the bottom of the melting pot. Poles and Bohemians are reported to cling closest to their language, and for that reason make no mark in America. In Texas we even find negroes who talk Bohemian as a result. Yet every foreign tongue is doomed. "Whether it is Bohemian or Chinese, Italian or Greek, it is always corrupted by English" (Steiner). As German becomes more important as a scientific and technical language, it becomes less a spoken medium. The Catholic parochial school does, it is true, preserve oases of foreign tongues, principally Polish and German, but the real object of the Church is religious, not linguistic, and as the school is bilingual it acts as a wonderful Americanizer, slow but sure. The foreigner has to be Americanized in his own language. In the 'fifties Archbishop Bedini, the Papal Nuncio, whose life was endangered by German revolutionaries in Cincinnati, realized the impossibility of saving any language through the Church. In his report he wrote, "It is enough to reflect that no American or Irish citizen learns German, and that every German seeks earnestly to acquire the English language." A generation after, Archbishop Zardetti of St. Cloud came to a similar conclusion, and discouraged Germans from founding little Germanies in America. "He must theoretically and practically acknowledge the English language as the language of America." The leaders of the Church had been sufficiently warned by the Cahensley experiment to give no notice or sanction to the quiet campaign which was initiated to save German in America after the historical visit of Prince Henry, though described as the "message of one Germanic nation to another" (Faust).

It was a campaign which showed itself in school-books, newspapers, speech and pulpit. It was more difficult for German Lutherans, whose spiritual centre was in Germany, than for German Catholics to resist. From Rome

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the only advice expressed was "Be ye Americans." The Pan-German appeal was made to old soldiers rather than to Churchmen, and was perhaps symbolized in the summons to German veterans in the South to unite "with Singers, Turners, Sons of Arminius, and all who revere the flag of Germanism in a welcome to the *Panther*." The *Panther* visited American ports in 1904. A curious national rivalry broke out at Washington. The Germans set the statue of Steuben in Lafayette Square, and to offset the French Government's gift of Rochambeau's statue the Kaiser presented Frederick. The Irish later chimed in with "saucy Jack Barry of Wexford."

There was always a subtle difference between the Irish and German national agitations in America. The former was directed against a foreign power, while the latter was in support of one. As a result the straight American felt he could conscientiously join in celebrating Patrick's Day, though not "German Day." It cannot be too much to hope that as a result of the Irish-American participation in the Great War, Mr. Wilson will be able to feel what George Washington, under different circumstances, wrote to the Yankee Club of Stewardstown in Tyrone: "If, in the course of our successful contest, any good consequences have resulted to the oppressed kingdom of Ireland, it will afford a new source of felicitation to all who respect the interests of humanity."

We may conclude that the German and Irish elements have really become Americanized (and nobody can chide them for having taken the better part) and that the Italians are readier than any of the new immigration to do so. The great test of the Americanizing power is with the Jew and the Slav. The former lives above the main current of American life, and the latter far below it. No single race has done better for itself than the Jewish. Segregated in the great towns, Jews have drawn a number of occupations entirely into their hands. "There are more Cohens than Smiths in the New York Directory" (Grose). In spite of customs and numbers the Jew cannot resist the slow suction of the melting pot. The Kosher

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restaurant is said to be more effective than the Synagogue in preserving Judaism. The neglect of the old religion in the second generation is a menace, for Jews who give up their religion often incline to flashy crime. The American Jew, originally Spanish, then of German extraction, is now mainly the Russian refugee who professes strict orthodoxy and exalts Zionism against the German and wealthier type. In Justice Brandeis the idealists have found their leader actually on the bench of the Supreme Court. The Jew has a special influence on the melting pot as he brings his women, like the Irishman and the German. Alone of all immigrating peoples do the Irish women outnumber the men. The Slavs preceded their women, but even so the fecundity of the latter when they arrive is greater than that of the Irish. One Irish wife in thirteen is childless to one among fifty-eight Polish wives. The Slavic question is more formidable in America than in Europe. It is represented by a great, silent, slaving population, whose women bear their annual child till they drop, and whose men wrestle for the lowest wages until they are killed or mutilated in mine or foundry. They are like the slaves who toiled in the stokeholds of the Roman Baths. The breezy roar of American life passes over their heads.

The careless capitalists have created a Slavic problem for the same materialistic reasons as did those who introduced negro labour into America. It promised an immediate return as the result of the cheapest means of working the resources of the country. That it left the possibility of a Slavic America in a hundred years never crossed the capitalist mind. The Slavs have not been well treated, and an apathetic, sluggish, un-Americanized population is the result. They have proved formidable Trade Unionists, meeting the great Corporations with fanatical camaraderie under the leadership of German or Irish, the latter of whom are adepts in conducting polyglot strikes. In the Trades Unions of America the hostile races of Europe find the brotherhood that diplomacy has never allowed them at home. The hope of American Socialism lies with

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the Slav. Religion is losing its hold, though a Western mining town's churches are an object lesson in Slavic and Oriental liturgy. Take Chicago, the second Bohemian and second Polish city in the world. Half the Bohemians are rationalists, and the Poles who cling closest to their religion have developed a schism, not yet appeased by the appointment of a Polish Bishop or by an Irish Archbishop's sudden acquirement of the Polish tongue. Lithuanians are Catholics, as Letts are Lutheran, but Nationalist influences are dominant. Lithuanian nationalism is said to undermine the priest. There is already a Polish National Church. Slovak, Slovenian and Ruthenian in America all cherish some indefinite dream in Europe akin to the Zionism of the Jews and the Home Rule aspirations of the Irish. During the Great War this has been universal as a tendency in America. Polish Nationalism took the line of trusting neither Russia nor Germany, and has turned to the President as its last hope. The Ruthenians were not undesirous of a Russian defeat in order to free Ukraine and save the Ruthenian as a National Church. The sense of independence among Croatsians, Czechs and Slovaks, is largely kept up by encouragement from their relatives in America, in spite of the working of small pro-Austrian and Pro-Hungarian groups. The Irish are not the only element to have brought the memory of a racial feud to America. Most of the immigrants from Rumania are Jews who have reason to hate Rumania, while most of the real Rumanians come from Austria which they love no more. In spite of the Revolution Jews and Scandinavians preserve their respective hatred and suspicion of the Russian, upon which the German has never ceased to play. The effect of the war has been to cut off most immigration except the Spanish and Portuguese, who seem to have awakened to an atavistic interest in the Continent which was once theirs. The Portuguese sent thirteen thousand in 1916, which was also the Spanish number, which latter was racially doubled by entries from Mexico.

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Against this amazing background of races threatened with even greater and more variable immigrations at the close of the war, the Americanized German and Irish must be classed as solid and permanent pillars of both State and Churches in America. The war can but clear both of what un-American ferment moves on their surfaces as their accepted country summons and uses those indispensable gifts which Celt and Teuton often alone can give in the service of war. That the war will leave both Irish and German established in American trust and service will be due not only to the lofty motives for which America entered the war, but also to the penetrating justice with which President Wilson has viewed and judged the countries of their origin, enabling both to feel that to follow and support him would be the best legacy they could bequeath to their children and their children's children, best in the long run for motherland and fatherland.

SHANE LESLIE.

LOEB AND HIS SYSTEM

EXCLUSIVE and long-continued devotion to any special line of study is liable to lead to forgetfulness of other, even kindred, lines—almost, in extreme cases, to a kind of atrophy of other parts of the mind. There is the example of Darwin and his self-confessed loss of the æsthetic tastes he once possessed. Nor are scientific studies the only ones to produce such an effect. The amusing satire in *The New Republic* has, perhaps, lost some of its tang now that the prototype of its Professor of History is almost forgotten, but it has not lost its point. Lady Ambrose tells the tale: "He said to me in a very solemn voice, 'What a terrible defeat that was which we had at Bouvines!' I answered timidly—not thinking we were at war with anyone—that I had seen nothing about it in the papers. 'H'm!' he said, giving a sort of grunt that made me feel dreadfully ignorant, 'why, I had an excursus on it myself in the *Archæological Gazette* only last week.' And, do you know, it turned out that the Battle of Bouvines was fought in the Thirteenth Century, and had, as far as I could make out, something to do with Magna Charta." It is, however, among writers on biological subjects that we find the most salient instances of this contraction. With extraordinary self-abnegation they seem, in the contemplation of the problem with which they are concerned, to forget that they themselves are living things, and, more than that, the living things of which they ought to know and could know most, however little that most may be. When the biologist begins to philosophize as, after the manner of his kind, he often does, he should leave his microscope and look around him; whereas he often forgets even to change the high for the low power. Thus he limits his field of vision and forgets, when attempting his explanation, that it is only *within a system* that he is working. Professor Ward, in *Naturalism and Agnosticism*, says:

From the strict premisses of Positivism we can never prove the existence of other minds or find a place for such conceptions as

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cause and substance; for into these premisses the existence of our own mind and its self-activity have not entered. And accordingly we have seen Naturalism led on in perfect consistency to resolve man into an automaton that goes of itself as part of a still vaster automaton, Nature as mechanically conceived, which goes of itself. True, this mechanism goes of itself because it *is* going, and being altogether inert, cannot stop or change. How it ever started is indeed a question which science cannot answer, but which, on the other hand, it has no occasion to ask: time, its one independent variable, extends indefinitely without hint of either beginning or end. Such a system of knowledge, *once we are inside it*, so to say, is entirely self-contained and complete.

"*Once we are inside it!*" what so many writers forget or ignore is that they *are* inside it, and that their explanations do not explain the system or how it came to be there or to be in operation. Everybody is familiar with Paley's example of the watch found on the heath. Let us carry it a little further. Suppose some student, after devoting years of patient examination to the watch, were to come forward and say: "I have discovered the secret of this watch. There is a spring in it which possesses resiliency, and it is that which drives the wheels. I think I have heard people say that there must have been a watchmaker to design and construct this piece of machinery, but, in face of my discoveries, any such explanation is wholly unnecessary and may be altogether abandoned."

Perhaps this analogy may be regarded as exaggerated; but, before thus condemning it, let the following passage be studied. It is from a very important book recently published, which claims (and has had its claim supported by many periodicals) to have done away with any need for an explanation of life beyond that which can be given by chemistry and physics, Jacques Loeb's *Organism as a Whole, from a Physico-Chemical Viewpoint*, a book already briefly noticed by the present writer in the pages of this REVIEW.

It would be hard to find a worse example of confused thinking than that of the following passage:

The idea that the organism as a whole cannot be explained

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from a physico-chemical viewpoint rests most strongly on the existence of animal instincts and will. Many of the instinctive actions are "purposeful," *i.e.*, assisting to preserve the individual and the race. This again suggests "design" and a designing "force," which we do not find in the realm of physics. We must remember, however, that there was a time when the same "purposefulness" was believed to exist in the cosmos where everything seemed to turn literally and metaphorically around the earth, the abode of man. In the latter case, the anthropo- or geo-centric view came to an end when it was shown that the motions of the planets were regulated by Newton's law, *and that there was no room left for the activities of a guiding power.* Likewise, in the realm of instincts, when it can be shown that these instincts may be reduced to elementary physico-chemical laws, the assumption of design becomes superfluous. (*Italics mine.*)

In the first place the "purposefulness" of the movements of the planets is not affected in the very least by the question of heliocentrism. What the author is probably thinking of is an exaggerated and obsolete teleology, but that is not what seems to be the purport of the passage. Let that pass. The main confusion lies in the application of the term "Law." The Ten Commandments, and our familiar friend of to-day, D.O.R.A., are laws we must obey or take the consequences of our disobedience. The "laws" which the writer is dealing with are not anything of this kind. Newton's Law is not a thing made by Newton, but an orderly system of events which was in existence long before Newton's time, but was first demonstrated by him. It tells us how a certain part of the system works—when we are "*inside it.*" It does not in the least explain the system any more than the discovery of the resiliency of the spring of the watch explains the watch itself. So far from dispensing with "the activities of a guiding power," Newton's law is positively clamant for a final explanation, since it does not tell us, nor does it pretend to tell us, how the "law" came into existence, still less how the planets came to be there, or how they happen to be in a state of motion at all. Writers of this kind never seem to have grasped the

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significance of such simple matters as the different kinds of causes, or to be aware that a formal cause is not an efficient cause, and that neither of them is a final cause. Coming to the latter part of the paragraph, it is in no way proved that instincts can be reduced to physico-chemical laws, and, suppose it were proved, the assumption of design would be exactly where it is at this moment. It is the old story of St. Thomas Aquinas and Avicenna and their discussion on abiogenesis, and surely biologists might be expected to have heard of that. The same confusion of thought is to be met with elsewhere in this book, and in other similar books, and a few instances may now be examined.

Samuel Butler, in *Life and Habit*, warns his readers against the dicta of scientific men, and more particularly against his own dicta, though he made no claim to be a scientist. If his reader *must* believe in something, "let him believe in the music of Handel, the painting of Giovanni Bellini, and in the thirteenth chapter of St. Paul's first Epistle to the Corinthians." And he exclaims: "Let us have no more 'Lo, here!' with the professor; he very rarely knows what he says he knows; no sooner has he misled the world for a sufficient time with a great flourish of trumpets than he is toppled over by one more plausible than himself." That is a somewhat unkind way of putting it; but undoubtedly theory after theory is put forward, and often claimed to be final, only to disappear when another explanation takes its place. Thus at the moment we are in the full flood of the chemical theory which is employed to explain inheritance. That heredity exists we all know, but so far we know nothing about its mechanism. Darwin, with "Pangenesis," and others, using other titles, argued in favour of a "particulate" explanation, but the number of particles which would be necessary to account for the phenomena involved, this and other difficulties, have practically put this explanation out of court. Then we had the Mnemic theory of Hering, Butler, and others, by which the unconscious memory of the embryo—even the germ—is the

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explanation. Quite lately the mnemonic theory has been claimed by Rignano in his *Scientific Synthesis* as a complete explanation, in forgetfulness of the fact that even the all-powerful protozoon can only remember what has passed and could certainly not *remember* that it was some day going to breed a man. At the moment, things are explained on a chemical basis, though that basis is far from firm; is of a shifting nature, and a little hazy in details. Some time ago, colloids were the cry. A President of the British Association almost led one to imagine that "the homunculus in the retort" might be expected in a few weeks. But the chemists would have none of this, and denied that the colloids, about which they ought to know more than do the biologists, had that promise in them which had been claimed. We had Leduc and his "fairy flowers," as now we have Loeb and others with their metabolites and hormones. As to these last, there seems to be no kind of doubt that the internal secretions of many organs and structures have effects which were, even a few years ago, quite unsuspected. Those of the thyroid and adrenals are excellent examples.

It seems to be the fate, however, of all supporters of new theories to run into extravagances. Darwin had to remind his enthusiastic disciples that Natural Selection could not create variations, and we may feel some confidence that Hering, were he alive, would urge his followers to bear in mind that memory cannot create a state of affairs which never existed. So far we may certainly say that these internal secretions do produce certain physical effects, some of them effects not to be suspected by the uninformed reader. There seems to be very good evidence that the growth of antlers in deer depends upon an internal secretion from the sex-gland and from the interstitial tissue of that gland; for it is apparently upon the secretions of this portion of the gland that the secondary sexual characters depend, and not merely these, but also the normal sexual instincts. And this takes us a stage further. The extreme claim is that all instincts, in fact all thoughts and operations, are in the last analysis chemical

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or chemico-physical. Let us examine this claim for a moment. The adrenals are two inconspicuous ductless bodies situated immediately above the kidneys. Not many years ago, when the present writer was a medical student, all that was known about these organs was that when stricken with a certain disease, known as Addison's disease from the name of its first describer, the unfortunate possessor of the glands and the disease became of a more or less rich chocolate colour. To-day we know that the internal secretion of these organs is a very powerful stypitic, and there is good reason to believe that a copious discharge accompanies an unusual exhibition of rage. When we are told things of this kind we must first of all remember that the adrenalin does not cause the rage, though it may produce its concomitant phenomena. If a man flies into a violent passion because someone has trodden upon his corns, and there is a copious flow of adrenalin from the glands, it is not that flow which has caused his rage. It may be the flow from the interstitial tissue of the sex-glands which engenders sexual feelings, but then those are almost wholly physical, and only in a very minor sense—if even in any true sense—psychical. Persons who take the extreme view never yet suggested that there is a characteristic hormone connected with those psychical attributes alluded to in the chapter of the Corinthians recommended to our notice by Butler. In fact they seem to ignore all but the lower or vegetable characters when dealing with psychology from the chemico-physical point of view.

Finally, we come again to the fatal and fundamental defect of this as of other "explanations"; it is an explanation "*within the system*," and therefore unphilosophical in so far as it fails to explain the facts through their ultimate or deepest reasons.

A large part of Loeb's book is devoted to a description of the author's remarkable experiments in artificial parthenogenesis, and an attempt to show that they offer a complete explanation. Sir William Tilden, one of the greatest living authorities on organic chemistry, tells us

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that "too much has been made of the curious observations of J. Loeb and others"; and he definitely states that when we consider "the propagation of the animal races by the sexual process . . . there can be no fear of contradiction in the statement that in the whole range of physical and chemical phenomena there is no ground for even a suggestion of an explanation." Behind this pronouncement of an expert, one might well shelter oneself; but the question under consideration merits a little further consideration. The reproduction of kind, though usually a bisexual process, may, however, normally in rare cases be uni-sexual, and this process is known as Parthenogenesis. Even in human beings certain tumours of the sex-glands, known as teratomata, very rare in women and even rarer, if ever existent, in men, have been claimed as examples of attempts at parthenogenesis, and so far no better explanation is available. Now Loeb and others have succeeded in certain forms—even in a vertebrate like the frog—in inducing development in unimpregnated ova. The evidence for all these things is still slender; but we will content ourselves with noting that point and passing on to the consideration of the phenomena and the claims put forward in connection with them. We find the task of unravelling the writer's meaning rendered more difficult by a certain confusion in his use of terms, since fertilization, *i.e.*, syngamy—the union of the different sex products—seems to be confused with segmentation, *i.e.*, germination; and this confusion is accentuated by the claim that "the main effect of the spermatozoon in inducing the development of the egg consists in an alteration in the surface of the latter which is apparently of the nature of a cytolysis of the cortical layer. Anything that causes this alteration without endangering the rest of the egg may induce its development." When the spermatozoon enters the ovum it causes some alteration in the surface membrane of the latter which, amongst other things, prevents the entrance of further spermatozoa. Loeb thinks that in causing this alteration it sets up the segmentation of the ovum. That

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there is a close connection between the two events seems undoubted : that they are in relation of cause and effect seems likely. It is quite evident that an artificial stimulus can in certain cases set up segmentation, but never can it cause the fertilization of the ovum. It may very likely produce the same change in the membrane that is caused by the entrance of the spermatozoon under normal circumstances—membrane formation may be necessarily coincident with the liberation in the egg of some zymose which arises from a pre-existent zymogen. But we are still some way off any assurance that the *main* object of the spermatozoon in inducing the development of the egg is this surface alteration. It may be the initial effect ; very probably it is ; but since the main function of the spermatozoon must be the introduction of germplasm from the male parent, it is too much for anyone to ask us to believe that its main function is concerned with surface alteration.

Loeb argues that the change in the surface membrane is of a chemical character, and that no doubt may be correct ; but even if we allow him every scientific fact, or surmise, he is still, as in the other cases with which we have dealt, miles away from any real explanation. He is still inside his chemico-physical explanation to begin with ; and, even within that, he still leaves us anxious for the explanation of a number of points—for example, as to the nature of the chemical process which accompanies, or is the cause of, segmentation. We in no way press these questions ; for similar demands could be made in so many cases ; we only indicate that they are there. What we do press is this—that when an authority comes forward to assure us that all the processes of life, including man's highest as well as his lowest attributes, can be explained on chemico-physical lines, we are entitled to ask for a more cogent proof of it than the demonstration, however complete, of the germination of an egg, caused by artificial stimulus and not by the ordinary method of syngamy, even though that germination may lead to the production of a perfect adult form. We are

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entitled to ask him to make clear to us not only what is happening *within his system*, but—which is far more important—what that system is, and how it came into existence. We are entitled to ask why the artificial stimulus, or the entry of the spermatozoon, produces the effects which it is claimed to produce instead of any one of some score of other effects which it might conceivably have produced. Above all we are entitled to ask why there are any effects, or even why there is any ovum or any spermatozoon or curious physiological investigator, to give the artificial stimulus. Until some light is thrown upon these things we are still within the system, or merely hovering round its confines, and are far away from any final or philosophical explanation such as would satisfy the mind of the man who wants to get a real and not a partial knowledge of the things around him.

We may now turn to the question of Vitalism. It was long the regnant theory; then temporarily the Cinderella of biology; it is now returning to its early position, though still denied by those of the older school of thought who cannot imagine the kitchen wench of yesterday the ruler of to-day. One of the objections to Vitalism is that this explanation of living things is thought by ignorant writers to be so inextricably mixed up with theological considerations as to furnish a case of *stantis aut cadentis ecclesiae*. That is, of course, absurd; but it creates an undoubted bias against the theory. Hence it is the fashion amongst its opponents to write of it as “mystical” or, as Loeb does, as “supernatural,” probably the most illogical term that could possibly be used. What is Vitalism? It is the theory that there is some other element—call it entelechy with Driesch, or call it what you like—in living things than those elements known to chemistry and physics. If it is *not* there, *cadit quaestio*; if it *is* there it is not “supernatural.” It might with reason be called “super-mechanical,” or “super-chemical,” or “super-physical”; but if it is in nature, as it is held to be, it is not “super-natural” in any true sense of that word—no dictionary con-

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finer the term "nature" to the operations of chemistry and physics.

A good deal of the misconception existing on this point comes from pure ignorance of philosophy, a subject with which writers of this school seldom have even a nodding acquaintance. "The idea of a quasi-superhuman intelligence presiding over the forces of the living is met with in the field of regeneration." Echoes of the Cartesian idea of the soul seem to ring in this statement; but it could not have been written by anyone who had mastered the Aristotelian or the Scholastic explanation of matter and form. But let us take this question of Regeneration; the power which all living things have, in some measure, though in very different measure, of reconstructing themselves when injured. It has been dealt with in a masterly manner by Driesch; and we may at once say that we do not think that Loeb has in any way contravened his argument, nor even entered the first line of defence of that which is built up around what he calls by the somewhat forbidding name of "Harmonious-Equipotential System." Let us take one particular example, a very remarkable one, which has been cited by both writers—Wolf's experiment on the lens of the eye. The lens is just behind the pupil or central aperture in the iris or coloured ring at the front of the eye, and behind the cornea which is to the eye what a watch-glass is to a watch. If the lens of the eye be removed from a newt, as it is from human beings in the operation for cataract, the animal will grow another one. How does it do it? In certain cases a tiny fragment of the lens has been left behind after the operation, and the new one grows from that. This is sufficiently wonderful, but by no means so wonderful as what happens in other cases in which the entire lens has been removed and the new lens grows from the margin of the iris. To the unbiological reader one source of origin will not seem more wonderful than the other, but there is really a vast distinction between them. At an early stage in the development of the embryo, the cells composing it become divisible into

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three layers. It is even possible, as Loeb maintains, that this differentiation is present in the unsegmented ovum, in which case the facts to be detailed become still more remarkable and significant. These layers are known as epi-, meso- and hypo-blast; and from each one of them arises certain portions of the body, and certain portions only. It would be as remarkable to a biologist to find these layers not breeding true as it would to a fowl-fancier to discover that the eggs of his Buff Orpingtons were producing young turkeys or ducks. Now the lens is an epiblastic structure, and the iris is mesoblastic. Hence the wonder with which we are filled when we find the iris growing a lens. Loeb attempts to explain this in the first instance by telling us that the cells of the iris cannot grow and develop as long as they are pigmented; that the operation wounds the iris, allows pigment to escape, and thus permits of proliferation. We may accept this, and yet ask why it takes on a form of growth familiar to us only in connection with epiblast? The reply is: "Young cells when put into the optic cup always become transparent, no matter what their origin; it looks as if this were due to a chemical influence exercised by the optic cup or by the liquid it contains. Lewis has shown that when the optic cup is transplanted into any other place under the epithelium of a larva of a frog the epithelium will always grow into the cup where the latter comes in contact with the epithelium; and that the ingrowing part will always become transparent." A most remarkable and interesting experiment; it has this very important limitation—that it is always *epithelium* with which it has to do, whereas in Wolf's experiment the regeneration takes place from mesoblastic tissue. The cause of the transparency may be a chemical reaction—it depends a good deal upon our definition of that phrase. Is protoplasm a chemical compound? Some have considered it so, and spoken of its marvellously complicated molecule. Of course it is made up of carbon, hydrogen, and other substances within the domain of chemistry. But is it, therefore, merely a chemical com-

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pound? The reply involves the whole riddle of Vitalism. The author would say that it, as well as all the living things to which it belongs, is purely and solely a chemical compound; and he must take the consequences of his belief. One of these consequences, from which doubtless he would not shrink, would be that a super-chemist (so to speak) could write him and his experiments and his book down in a series of chemical formulæ—a consequence which takes a good deal of believing. But it also involves him in a belief in the rigidity of chemical reactions; and we are entitled to ask for an explanation of the identical behaviour of the chemical reaction in connection with epiblastic and mesoblastic cells—both pure chemical compounds *ex hypothesi* and, as far as we can tell from their normal behaviour, widely differing from one another. The optic cup or its contained fluid, is one chemical compound; epithelium is another; mesoblast is a third. We want an explanation of the identical behaviour of the first with *either* of the two latter; and this should be borne in mind—that the reaction is not a mere matter of “clearing” of a tissue as the histologist would clear his section by oil-of-cloves or other reagent, but of the construction of a different type of cell—epithelial, not connective tissue.

It certainly follows that there must be some superior, at least widely different, agency at work than one of a purely chemical character—something which transcends chemical operations. This is precisely what the Vitalist claims. No one will fail to award praise to any attempts to explain the phenomena of nature, whether within or without any system. Loeb's book sets out to do a great deal more—to explain what it does not explain—the Organism as a Whole, and thus to give a philosophical explanation of man. It even claims to afford hints for a rule for his life, at least so we gather from the Preface, where alluding to “that group of freethinkers, including d'Alembert, Diderot, Holbach and Voltaire,” the author tells us that they “first dared to follow the consequences of a mechanistic science—incomplete as it then was—to

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the rules of human conduct, and thereby laid the foundation of that spirit of tolerance, justice and gentleness which was the hope of our civilization until it was buried under the wave of homicidal emotion which has swept through the world." On which it is surely reasonable to ask how a chemical reaction can learn so to alter itself as to exhibit "tolerance, justice and gentleness," attributes which it had not previously possessed? Such claims of this and other writers, who would find in the laws of nature as formulated to-day (forgetful that their formulæ may to-morrow be cast into the furnace) a rule of life as well as a full explanation of the cosmos, resemble in their lack of base an inverted pyramid.

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE.

SOME RECENT BOOKS

IN considering Mr. Kenneth Richmond's *Education for Liberty* (Collins), there arises the chance of minimizing an evident estrangement between Catholic education with a large "C" and catholic education with a little one. At first sight the attitude of Mr. Richmond—the last and most attractive exponent of synthetic teaching—would seem to emphasize all that world of difference denoted by the case of the letter. His pedagogic pedigree goes no further back, in this volume at any rate, than Comenius, that nomadic Moravian whose intuitive method might have permeated English education, under Parliamentary auspices, in the Seventeenth Century, had not the Civil War intervened and sent the "pansophist" packing to Sweden. But while Mr. Richmond stands, theoretically, on the shoulders of the Polish pastor, in practical issues (and his book is most admirable where it is most practical) he is, in tone if not in tenet, more Catholic than even many Catholics.

On this account, as re-emphasizing from another angle our own demand for the "intrusion" of the Catholic atmosphere into every cranny of the Catholic curriculum, Mr. Richmond's book is most exhilarating and helpful. Teachers exist who, in their gratitude at being allowed to comply with the minimum demands of God in the hour for Religious Instruction, show a perhaps unnecessary alacrity in handing over the rest of the time-table to the maximum demands of Mammon. Certainly some ostentation of utilitarianism, outside the scheduled department of faith and morals, is more noticeable in the Christian than in the agnostic programme: whether in deference to the supposed interests of the child as a worldling *in posse*, or to those of the parents as worldlings *in esse*, or of the education authorities as worldlings *in excelsis*. But Mr. Richmond makes it his business to get rid of the "long-habituated practice of teaching things in watertight compartments"; and, "granted that we are going to teach religion at all," stands for "the religious

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synthesis—a realization that all knowledge is religious knowledge.” This postulate is not new to the Catholic teacher; but when it comes to its working-out in Catholic history, Catholic science, Catholic literature and Catholic art, and all these so interwoven that one is coloured by, and colours, the other, and the Church’s unity in diversity is reflected in every lesson—then Mr. Richmond’s apparatus is most serviceable. The book itself is an indispensable exponent of this apparatus—of the inter-communication of teacher with teacher and class with class; of co-operation, “that machinery of fellowship,” to save the drudgery of class-work; of the encouragement of intellectual adventure and the sense of self-emulation as substitutes for competition; of the elimination of marks, “those vain efforts to express qualitative values in quantitative terms.”

Mr. Richmond has certainly outdone us in the generous use he has made of more slender materials than ours; and his work, is, for us, a very apposite reminder of an improvidence which has not gone unrebuked by our own prophets. Bishop Hedley denounced the “knowledge imbibed without interest and held without solicitude,” and “the words which merely impart information without enkindling interest and emotion.” Canon Driscoll, in an admirable speech (*Conference of Catholic Colleges*, 1918) pleaded for “the prestige of the subject in the mind of the pupil.” As there is nothing new, so there need be nothing irreparable, in the Canaanite’s making more of the crumbs than the children of the household make of the bread. The success, both spiritual and temporal, which the *Times* attributes to the catholic method of Don Manuel Siurot—a method which is a mere amplification of that employed by Father Manjón to teach religion at Granada—should encourage Catholics to study an English exposition of synthetic teaching. They cannot fail to be attracted by Mr. Richmond, though he is amusingly shy of seeming to derive from dogmatic Christianity; goes out of his way to demand a “scientific restatement of the communion of the saints”; and

The Sad Years

blushes at being caught identifying the "sub-self" of his more speculative chapters with the "*vetus homo*" of St. Paul.

H. P. E.

MRS. SHORTER'S *The Sad Years* (Constable) takes its sure place among the posthumous poetry books of the war. She wrote of the war at home, and she died of it, no less surely, though less directly, than other soldier poets wrote and died on the battlefields of France and Flanders. Theirs was generally a song of jubilation, or at least of reconciliation. Hers is first and last a lamentation. She had no share, which means no son, no brother, no father, in the glory of the foreign fields. An Irishwoman living in London, she was fretted with regrets about events which seemed to her to be inspired by the hatred of man for man. All the same, her book will be placed on many shelves beside those of Julian Grenfell, of Mackintosh, of Wyndham Tennant. Together with hers will go those of MacDonagh and Joseph Mary Plunkett—a shelf of strange medleys.

That tragic group contains the lyrics of those who have died for England along with the lyrics of those who died protesting against England. But the epoch, the tongue, the patriotism (at least in kind) are the same, so perhaps are even the publishers, and, to a large extent, their readers. There is this difference, that half these poets fell to English bullets, half to German. But as if to strengthen the link between them, to justify the shelf in common, there is Thomas Kettle's volume of verse, speaking two patriotisms, and Mrs. Shorter's, which was composed in England, though it reflects the discontent of an exile. Of her place among the poets who have died of the conflict at home and of the executions following the Revolution of Easter, 1916, let her speak for herself, in prose that carries the same meanings as much of the verse now published: "I am dead, oh Lord, in the midst of life! I have not lived, neither did I know life when it was mine, only felt the sunshine of youth, and the storms

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of young years. Mine was not the home of others, not any delights there. Strange was my upbringing, as strange my soul! Little did I know of things save the knowledge of a child, dreaming and impractical. And the world came hard on me till the years brought knowledge—then I died, a child yet, but dead, but stricken by infirmities. When my blood was hottest and my heart cried out in its anguish and its grief, and my mind in its excitement, rising with the soul of my land, dying with the deaths of my countrymen and friends. Fifteen times was I shot through the heart, and once stood by the hangman's noose, but I rose in the glory of the dead, as I had risen before, from the murdered corpses that make the soul of my country. Why have you stricken me now, oh Lord, when the blood runs light in my pulses, and even to me some little duty may have passed? Like a prisoner I peep from my window, and at night I am haunted by the reproachful dead. Like a dead drone do I lie on the hive of the bees. Like the stricken beasts do I creep into a corner to die. Strike, then, oh Lord, that all of me may cease!"

The writer of that passage of the passion of patriotism may be accounted as scarcely less a casualty of war than the boy who was shot in Dublin or Laventie, as the case may be. Her poetry tells of the same vigil, passed in a sick-room (which to her became a whole hospital-ward of wounded thoughts); of sleepless nights, and longings for a Connaught hill or a Kerry moor. Her verse, she might have said, was "the strict map of my misery." It is utterly genuine, and it foregoes without forethought those happy waywardnesses that attend a more fortunately conditioned Muse. She never paused for the invitation of a fine line or the beckoning of a poetical image. And yet, even in verse which is part of the routine of unhappy days and nights, we find noble thought and fine and tender expression. The lines that give the title to the book will live as long as any of modern Ireland's more purely literary achievements. She ends:

Patrimony in Roman Church

Is this, indeed, Thy man, that Thou hast made,
Is this Thy likeness, and are these Thy wages ?
Oh, Lord of pity, quench these flaming hours,
Restore to peace these sad and tortured years
Wherein Thou breakest the frail heart of man—
—Or he the heart of God !

E. M.

MR. E. SPEARING, who publishes *The Patrimony of the Roman Church in the Time of Gregory the Great* (Cambridge University Press), was preparing a complete history of the Patrimony of St. Peter when the war broke out. He was then a Scholar of Emmanuel, Cambridge, and articled to a Cambridge firm of solicitors. He was interested in the history of law, in Gregory the Great, and had seen that there was room for a study of the history of the Patrimony. His own story is that of thousands of just the men that the country could least spare. As soon as war was declared, he gave up everything to fight for his country. He distinguished himself at the front, was wounded, given his choice of doing work in England, but preferred to go back to France. He was killed in action there on September 11th, 1916, aged twenty-six. He left only a fragment of his work, covering the history to the end of Gregory I, now edited by his sister. The book is exceedingly well written ; it shows what good work of the kind its author would have done, had he lived ; and on its own merits it is quite worth publishing as it stands. It describes the Patrimony and its administration, chiefly from St. Gregory's letters, with abundant illustrations from the *Codex Iuris civilis*, letters of other Popes, and such documents. The author knows the literature of the subject well. His cautious use of the chief work published so far, Zaccaria : *de Rebus ad hist. atque antiquit. Eccl. pertinentibus* (Diss., X ; *de Patrimonio*, Foligno, 1781), deserves all praise. The little book is a really valuable help towards understanding a by-way of Church history, and the remote origin of the Papal State.

The Patrimony of St. Peter is not the same thing as the

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Papal State ; it is not even the beginning of the Papal State, though the power the Popes had possessed over the Patrimony was one of the causes that made the Papal State possible. There is no Papal State till the Eighth Century ; and then it did not, at first, include the city of Rome. The Iconoclast troubles brought about open hostility between the Pope and the Emperor ; the Pope called in the help of the Franks against the Lombards, and they gave what they had conquered, not back to the Emperor, but to the Pope as Sovereign. The first territory over which a Pope reigned was the little city Sutri, above the lake of Bracciano, given to the Holy See by the Lombard king, Luitprand, in 727. Then came the conquests and presentations to the Pope by Pipin and Charles the Great. By the year 774 these formed a large territory, over which the Pope was now independent sovereign. That is the beginning of the Papal State. Before that Rome was a city, the chief city, of the Empire, the Pope was, politically, a subject of the Emperor.

But long before this, at least since the Fifth Century (Gelasius I, 492-6), we hear of the Patrimony of St. Peter. This was not a State ; it was simply landed property. It did not even coincide with the later Papal State ; for the greatest and most important part of the Patrimony was in Sicily. The fact that Popes, from Gelasius, are much concerned with the administration of this property, that they send agents to look after it, no more proves that they were its sovereigns than the administration of large estates scattered through England would prove that their landlord was a sovereign ruler. The Patrimony of St. Peter was property held by the Holy See, from which it derived revenue, in the Empire under the political government of the Emperor. The Popes made no laws for their Patrimony, they made rules for its good administration, for the well-being of their tenants.

When did the Patrimony begin, and how ? There could be no question of such a thing before Constantine ; because, till his reign, the Roman government did not recognize the right of the Church to hold property at all.

Patrimony in Roman Church

Constantine made it legal for property to be left to the Church. There is this much basis for the legend of the *donatio Constantini*, that he did make it possible for the Roman Church to possess property, over which the Popes began gradually to exercise what became more and more like sovereign authority; though, theoretically, it was never anything of the kind. The first documents about the Patrimony are letters of Gelasius I. In them already the Holy See possesses a considerable amount of landed estate. This was acquired by gift, legacy, sometimes purchase. There is nothing unique in the process; not only the See of Rome, other Sees, too, were acquiring property, from the revenue of which they could maintain their officials, build churches and carry on good works of various kinds. The Church was becoming a great influence in the world; it was natural that she should acquire property, though Dante thought this so deplorable. In the unsettled state of Italy in the Fifth Century landed property was often a dangerous burden rather than an advantage to its owner. Many a man thought it wise to make his over to the mighty Roman Church, receiving in return an annuity.

In the letters of St. Gregory I (590-604) we see the Patrimony in its full extent. By that time it had become of vast size. It consisted of lands all over Sicily, Italy, and other countries too. By far the largest Patrimony was in Sicily. Here the Holy See possessed estates in every part of the Island. St. Gregory mentions 400 farms (Reg. II, 38). Sicilian land was very valuable; it was most fertile, nor had it suffered from invasion since the end of the Gothic war. There was a great deal of property in the South of Italy, in Apulia, Calabria, Bruttii (which had already become Calabria in the second sense). There was some along the Appian way, into Latium, which supplied the basilicas of St. Peter and St. Paul with oil for their lamps; some in Tuscany, in the Exarchate and Liguria; but these properties were much devastated by the Lombards. There were estates in the south of Gaul, in Corsica and Sardinia, Africa (round about Hippo

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Regius), and two small estates as far away as Dalmatia and Illyricum. In Rome itself the Pope owned some villas and gardens.

He had to provide for the administration of all these. He did so by sending agents, a deacon or subdeacon, to look after them, and to see that the revenue was collected and sent to Rome. But the Popes did more than this. They were honourably concerned for the welfare of their tenants. They organized a regular machinery for looking after the poor on their estates ; they sent clergy to preach to these people and to convert whatever pagans were left (notably in Corsica and Sardinia). If a man had to be a serf in Italy in the Sixth Century, he was fortunate if his fate was to be *adscriptus patrimonio beati Petri*. The great Church looked after him much better than a lay landlord. The distance of the government at Constantinople, its neglect of the Italian provinces, the disturbances of the barbarian invasions produced the result that the authority of the Emperor became hardly more than a theory. Indeed, the Empire richly deserved its loss when a Papal State was formed out of its land by the Franks. It had lost all right to this territory by neglect of its duties towards it. While the government did nothing, while the Emperor's Katapan at Rhegium had no care for anything but to sell privileges to the municipalities of cities, and titles to whoever was prepared to pay for them, inevitably local administration grew into practical sovereignty. It is the key to the development of Italian history in the early Middle Ages. The city became nearly a sovereign state ; the great landowner became almost a sovereign prince. So, practically, the Holy See was sole mistress of the lands of her Patrimony. Gregory the Great administers his territories, to all intents and purposes, like a sovereign. The theoretic government did nothing ; it neither defended its subjects against invasion nor took any interest in their affairs. The only authority that was of any use to them was that of the landowner. This condition of affairs undoubtedly paved the way for the formal proclamation of independence which produced the Papal

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State. When the Pope from being a landlord became a sovereign, the change was not great, as far as any real issue was concerned.

But the Patrimony did not become the Papal State. On the contrary, just when the Pope became a sovereign prince, he lost most of his Patrimony. One of the results of the war between Pope and Emperor in Iconoclast times was that the Emperor confiscated all the Patrimony of St. Peter in Sicily. From that time the Patrimony ended, and the Papal State began.

A. F.

FATHER MARTINDALE once supposed Æneas a Catholic, and Mr. Ronald Knox develops the *motif* in *A Spiritual Æneid* (Longmans): "Troy is undisturbed and in a sense unreflective religion." Besieging doubts are the Greeks, and no doubt the wooden horse with its freight of subtle speculative assailers is also capable of mystical interpretation. *Regnavit a ligno*. "Carthage is any false goal like Ritualism or Spiritism." "And Rome is Rome." Mr. Knox does not find that he has passed entirely from one pole to another; but he finds that in lofty Anglicanism he has "mistaken a pile of bed-clothes for a polar bear." In losing faith, or rather focus, he ceases to see in the Church of England what once he thought he saw; and the High Church millinery falls in a heap on the floor.

Mr. Knox hints at the successive stages of his religious progress sometimes artfully and sometimes quite artlessly. It is not a human document it is certainly a document in divinity. He began an old-fashioned believer with "a sneaking affection for the sounding titles of those uncanonical books of Scripture we never heard read." He believed that "because the Reformation was successful it was therefore right." Gradually he realized that it was neither. To him English religion was chiefly hymns, a substitution of "sentiment for devotion, but sentiment is better than nothing." The Protestant use of hymns is like the constant serving of butter without bread. Hymns

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unset in the form of splendid Sequences in the Liturgy are like stained windows outside their Gothic framing. He wrote English hymns at the age of six, and we hope will be writing Latin ones at sixty. For Mr. Knox can write Latin verse with any man in England; and he is probably right when he indicates that Latin verse is in the eclipse of Euclid the only process left in English education "that stimulates the mind to logical effort." Mr. Knox is one of those whom neither Eton sentiment nor Balliol thought has kept from the Church, though he suffered an ironical pang in realizing that he cut himself off from Eton when he adopted the religion of the Holy Founder. Eton religion, he believes, is trying to teach boys what "their mothers believe and their fathers would like to." It is a Platonic process. Certain traditions are instilled at an age subject to music and athletics, much as the great Philosopher laid down. The result is a dilettante enthusiasm for the things which "are done," and a languid taboo of the things that are not done, and of Cockneyism in general. Under the absurd heading of "Divinity," Mr. Knox became acquainted with "the barren scenes of Israel's wanderings, the waste waters sailed by itinerant Apostles." We cannot blame him for preferring a wandering Friar and a little Holy Water. Geography is a poor substitute for devotion, and one Confession is worth many prettily executed maps of Palestine. It takes youth and coloured texts to make Protestantism cheerful; but, even so, Mr. Knox found that "it is easy to be a Schopenhauer at thirteen." Ecclesiasticism creeps by devious ways into Eton, and it was at the matron's table that Mr. Knox met the future Bishop of Zanzibar. When he fell ill he was already a marked boy; and the Bishop of London came and celebrated in the sick-room, and even hinted at Confession, but Master Knox, though he had already sworn himself to celibacy on Chamber Stairs, was not advanced enough to take the hint. But the Virgin had her memorial in the Eton lilies, and in the blue of the Eton Eight.

To Oxford Mr. Knox bent half-ribald and half-devoted

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steps, to become one of that careless and brilliant generation who were purposing a new earth when they were snatched, by ways of martyrdom undreamed, into the old heaven, leaving not the least brilliant of their number to pray for their souls. Of many fruitful days the memory of one is worthy of record. He read through *The Republic* of Plato in the original Greek in the space of nine hours. Vividly and transiently the figures which delighted so many an ecclesiastical childhood flit through these pages—Charles Marson, the Priest-humorist who believed, like Mr. Knox himself, that the Anglican Episcopate should be rendered thoroughly Catholic or thoroughly ridiculous; Father Waggett, pouring delicate paradox as a substitute for scepticism into the undergraduate ear; Father Stanton, “electrifying eager Ritualists with pure Gospel,” and, not least, Father Bernard Vaughan, whose attack on Society was construed by his Oxford audience as “speaking for the middle classes.” They were the pulpit-gods of the entranced yet amused generation who passed through the Universities in the first decade of the century, stirring the first hope of many a vocation and inviting the first nibble of the forbidden fruit called Catholicism, in minds that, for the most part, are now laid to rest in Rome—or in France.

From Balliol, Mr. Knox went to Trinity as a Fellow, and was ordained with a fair assurance that he was a Catholic priest. A turning point had long since come to him with the reading of a single book. As the late Mr. Devas found the Faith in Gibbon, as Mrs. Craigie found it in Balzac, and Monsignor Benson again in *John Inglesant*, so Mr. Knox realized that a new planet was swimming into his ken when he read Monsignor Benson’s *Light Invisible*. “To me, that Christmas Day was a turning point. All that Catholic system which I had hitherto known only distantly now for the first time entered my horizon.” To the Fellow of Trinity, Rome was just a “Waifs and Strays Home,” and though, in a lucid moment of conversation, he realized that the Reformation was “just like sin,” he was content to play

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with the "Book of Uncommon Prayer." He read daily the Morning and Evening Prayer therein as a penance for his schismatical forefathers; but for illicit pleasure he read his Latin Breviary. Unsuspecting pupils came to the conclusion that he was engaged in a Sisyphean effort to learn the Prayer Book by heart. At Ordination he took a vow to make a reference to Our Lady every time he preached, to make up for the studied neglect of less chivalrous Anglicans. He knew that he was the *enfant terrible* of the Church, and delighted in contrasting St. Francis Xavier with Anglican missionaries, or in preaching "heresy about Transubstantiation." Out of the Sixth *Æneid* he composed a lecture on Purgatory, and read a grave paper on Sherlock Holmes to Theological Societies. His power of pasquinade seemed to win for him tolerance, perhaps because it was felt that a lampooner would never be serious enough to go over to Rome. Mr. Knox's flippancy was taken as an evidence of his good faith; and his happy spirit of beguilement was a guarantee that he would not himself fall to the guile of Rome. He was the *enfant terrible* who defined the Anglican Standard as "green stoles, and bad brass, and Confession if you happen to feel like it." Sometimes, however, he would ask himself a serious question. Discussing the mixed use of the word "loyalty" in Anglican circles, he wondered whether when a doctor asked if some such operation as the Cæsarian was right, the reply could be, "Be loyal to the Prayer Book," when two lives were involved. Probably what Mr. Knox would have answered would be "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." By 1913 he was beginning to render unto the Pope some of the due that is his. Notable were his words at this time:

Motherlike she calls us, truant children, and we, conscious of no wayward disobedience, but of an interior guidance that does not readily give up its secret to the hard categories of logical surrender, still cling to our frantic separation in the hope of a fuller and richer reunion in the years to come. Looking round us we dare not claim to be a natural and healthy branch of the heavenly Vine, but we do claim that in our half-severed branch

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the sap has not altogether ceased to flow. To our views Rome, too, has pretensions to abate and wrongs to confess before the heart of England can understand her. Sorrowing she calls us like that Mother of old who sought her Son and could not find Him as He sat refuting the doctors in the Temple, but we too must be about our Father's business, though we meet our Mother again only after a Gethsemane.

Mr. Knox did not believe he was on the road to Rome, and he took spiritual ease in deducing logically the Immaculate Conception from the Thirty-Nine Articles. He attacked Modernism as "propitiating a body, that of the Modern Man with his Modern Mind." But events bore him steadily down. Membership in the Catholic League, which celebrated a Mariolatrous picnic at which he was not present, involved him in inhibition in the St. Albans Diocese, while he inhibited himself in his father's Diocese of Manchester with an admirable filial delicacy. The year previous to the war, "the year of pamphlets," found him with a mind open both for piety and mischief, and, when one of those refreshing Church crises burst upon the Anglican Church from Zanzibar, he contributed his delicious *Reunion all round*, which Newman might have written had his Socratic irony been exchanged for an Aristophanic sense of Comedy. The Anglican Church is always living through death-throes, and Mr. Knox was pleasantly anxious "to be in at the funeral." But his own dirge it was he sang, and his own deathbed he attended, after uttering such mockery as has seldom been uttered in the name of Truth. The Zanzibar controversy as to reunion with Dissenters suggested to him *Reunion all round*—with Mohammedans, whose unpleasant marriage customs he suggested could be met by splitting the difference between monogamy and tetragamy, with the Atheists, who could be propitiated by a definition of the Divine Nature in a way so as to involve both the Existence and non-Existence of God, and even, out of charity, with the Pope! The war threw pamphlets as well as cathedrals to the winds; religion was called to the colours of reality; and Mr. Knox organized the Devotion of the Forty

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Hours and the Reservation of the Sacrament as war necessities. Under the cloud of war the young clergy defeated their Bishops. "One of us, being congratulated on the installation of a Tabernacle by his Vicar, replied grimly, 'Yes, but it took the blood of nine nations to do it.' " On All Souls Day he found himself asking prayers at the altar for "Pius, Bishop of Rome, and Robert Hugh Benson, Priest." It was at his brother's first "Mass" that he saw the ghost and quailed at his position. At the Last Gospel he could no longer worship, but must curse, Henry the Eighth: "There is no such bully as a logical mind." He passed a waiting time as a master at Shrewsbury School in a "briefless" state, not knowing which side to defend. Here he proceeded apace, teaching, praying, reading and once preaching like his old self in order to draw "a damaging comparison between San Celestino and Mr. Pemberton Billing." He was always reading his *Æneid* spiritually, and once the *sortes Virgilianæ* gave him the dazzling text:

Maria undique et undique cælum!

Another day, reading Milman's *History of Latin Christianity*, which as a Protestant classic may always be depended on to provide or suggest the Catholic arguments, he learnt of the strange combination of human cunning and geographical position which always enabled the Popes, like Lancashire, to think to-day what the world will think to-morrow: "And then it occurred to me that there was another explanation. I could have laughed aloud." But it was not altogether a laughing matter. "I was all one great aching bruise, cared about nothing except one point—was I in Communion with the Church Christ ordained?"

Friends meantime were being received into the Body of the Church and themselves perishing corporally. The Bishop of Lincoln's son wrote to him of being received in Egypt, and the Anglican Sphinx seemed to remain dumb to the agonized queries of her children, Art thou She, the Bride, that should come, the Spouse unto the Trinity?

Father of the American Navy

In the day of world catastrophe no man gleaned comfort from the Thirty-Nine Articles ; and the quavering words of *Hymns Ancient and Modern* brought but a sense of pathos against the din. Men asked for bread, and went out of normal ways to gather the ghostly fruit that hung from the Rood, substantial and eternal. Resigning his Fellowship at Trinity for a closer Communion with the Same, Mr. Knox went to the French Benedictines at Farnborough to seek his "spiritual Sedan." "I found that Catholicism in Italy was condemned as denationalized, Catholicism in Germany for its Nationalism, Catholicism in Switzerland because it was pacifist, Catholicism in France because it was Chauvinist, Catholicism in Spain as a pillar of reaction, Catholicism in Ireland as a hotbed of Revolution." He was relieved to find War rather than Peace the earthly condition of the Church. The jester had become a jousting, and the jousting had fallen upon his own lance and perceived that the lance was also that Lance which pierced Christ.

S. L.

IT is generally forgotten that the American Revolution was inspired by a Protestant as well as a democratic motive which is perhaps accounted for by the part played in it by Ulstermen. It was the Quebec Act, protective of Canadian Catholicism, which originally aroused the Colonial suspicions. Only as the struggle proceeded with what proved French and Irish co-operation, the democratic triumphed over the sectarian motive. Washington averred at the end of the Revolution that independence was secured owing to the "important assistance received from a Nation in which the Roman Catholic faith is professed." Benedict Arnold, when he declared to his soldiers that he preferred to make peace with England than trust France, "the enemy of the Protestant Faith," was no doubt chiming the earlier sentiment which lay at the heart of the Colonists. But his treason to the nascent Republic has become a legend akin to the Fall of Man or the exploit of Guy Fawkes in the American

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schoolboy mind. When Lord Effingham resigned his commission rather than fight against the Colonists he was congratulated by the Protestant merchants of Dublin; but when the Americans christened a ship "Effingham," it was commanded by an Irish Catholic. Commodore John Barry, we learn from *The Father of the American Navy*, by Martin I. J. Griffin, was born in Ballysampson in the Barony of Forth, Wexford. After a career rivalling that of the better known Paul Jones, he received from Washington the Commission Number One, as Captain in the American Navy. In view of rival claims, Mr. Griffin states that "Captain John Barry was the first officer appointed to the first vessel purchased, named after the first battle (Lexington), and made the first capture of a British vessel, brought to Philadelphia as a prize."

No Catholic was more prominent in the achievement of American liberty than Barry, except only Charles Carroll of Carrollton, whose *Life* has been recently written by Lewis Leonard (Moffat Yard, New York). Carroll had prepared himself for the Bar in London; and, on the return trip, began a lifelong friendship with the first Mate of the ship, John Barry. Precious was that ship's freight to the unborn Republic! Carroll was not only a signer of the Declaration, but hazarded what was "perhaps the largest fortune in America." His French and Catholic connection made him of inestimable service. Through old acquaintance he was able to influence Vergennes to take a sympathetic attitude to the Colonies. The French Alliance "was planned, promoted, and consummated by three men, Washington, Franklin, and Carroll." Here we have a spice of unwritten history; for at the moment the mention of receiving any aid from France was dangerous: "The Loyalist element howled at Romanist and Catholic influence." For these reasons Carroll refused to be sent to France, perceiving the importance of remaining in the background. Franklin accordingly went to Paris, armed with "every bit of information and every argument that Mr. Carroll could give him."

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But the more difficult mission to Canada Carroll gladly undertook. The American Congress had been injudicious enough to denounce the religious rights which England had accorded to Canada, so that a certain delicacy arose in the path of any attempt to induce the Canadians to join the American rebels. The good impression Carroll was able to make on Canada was largely lost by the violent attack John Jay insisted on making on the Faith and character of that country. More than any other civilian, Carroll upheld and cheered Washington, and to him, fitly, after the dark days were over, Washington addressed the famous letter, now lost, thanking the Catholics of America for their services. With the victory of democracy that of toleration had automatically set in.

S. L.

THE Cambridge Companions to Greek and Latin Studies are found so useful that it is not surprising that scholars in other countries should try to supply the same need in the same way for their people. The *Manuel des Études grecques et latines*; V. *Littérature latine* (by L. Laurand (A. Picard) forms Part V of the series, and is designed on the same lines as the English Companions. The whole will have eight parts, paged throughout, namely, I, Greek geography, history, institutions; II, Greek literature; III, Greek grammar; IV, V, VI are exactly the same thing for Latin. VII is to contain metric, the first notions about palæography, epigraphy, and so on, practical notes on philology, libraries, etc; and the last part (VIII) will be the index to the whole work.

This is a comprehensive programme for one book. Clearly the treatment can be only very summary. Yet, if the compression is well done, such a book may be of great use. It is so packed that it is hardly possible to read it through. But, as a work of reference, it may fill a most useful place on the book-shelf.

This specimen argues well for the whole. It is hardly more than a catalogue; but it is a good catalogue. The bibliography, its main and most useful feature, is well

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selected. The Latin literature begins with Liuius Andronicus, at the time of the first Punic war, and comes down to the time of Marcus Aurelius, with a short appendix on Christian Latin literature to Boethius, and another appendix on the survival of Latin to our own time—all that in 374 pages. In each case there is first a statement of the author's life, in about ten or twenty lines, then a list of his works, with a few words of criticism about them, something about what they contain, their style, sources, and so on. The analysis of the *Æneid* in twenty lines is a good specimen of the method. "Book I, Juno, angry with the Trojans, raises (thanks to *Æolus*) a storm which throws *Æneas* on the coast of Africa, at Carthage. Book II: *Æneas* tells his story, the fall of Troy"—and so on. The best editions of the works are quoted exactly, and there is a large number of references to works on the literature in general; so that, if only as a guide to books to consult for further information, the Manual has value. The only difficulty against a book so excessively compressed is that its statements become so bald that one can do little with them. For instance, this is what we are told about Latin literature in general: "Latin literature is not spontaneous, like that of the Greeks, but develops later by imitation of the literary styles that had been formed in Greece. However, the Romans set their mark on these by submitting them to certain changes." That is all. Quite true as far as it goes; yet every statement here needs further qualification. These short bald assertions look almost like sentences for a boy to learn by heart. Imagine how dreadful, if you mentioned Latin letters, and someone fired off at you: "Latin literature is not spontaneous like that of the Greeks," etc.

However, as a book of reference, especially for bibliography, it should be most useful. Only do not let the man who has read it think that he has acquired all he need know on the subject.

A. F.

Things New and Old

GIVEN and verified the fact of poetry in a new volume, poetry properly so named, the happy question for the reader remains, "Of what kind is this true poetry?" Poets may be said to divide themselves into some three groups: those who treat chiefly of the exterior world and thought, those who treat chiefly of the exterior world and emotion, and those who treat of the exterior world only—the last being the followers of a present and doubtless fugitive fashion, boastful of even their limitation.

Mr. John Swinnerton Phillimore, in *Things New and Old* (Oxford University Press), is distinctively a poet whose intellect is foremost, but not alone; he having the exterior world before his eyes and with it the essential and immediate thought, and the emotion and passion at hand. His book is filled throughout with distinguished poetry, to which should be given a distinguished—a distinctly separate—welcome. To say that his poetry is intellectual is not to accuse it of reasoning or proving, nor, on the other hand, to imply that it lacks imagery or other kinds of inventive beauty. It gives not the process but the fruit and the flower of reasoning. The characteristic on which we intend to dwell is the *motive* thought. In "A Mountain Stream," for example, the imagination and the diction are as impetuous as the subalpine torrent itself, yet the natural thing and the human thought are locked together. The stream, hailed at first in exquisite play as a child, then greeted as a minstrel, is lastly, with great majesty in the brief metre, recognized and confessed a priest:

But priest from some whole-hearted age
When Mountebank grew Saint;
Ere zeal got drunk and blind with rage,
Or mirth took on the taint.

* * * * *

Schooled to the South wind and the North,
The starlight and the rain,
He sets eternal mysteries forth
Entirely true and plain.

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Such office night and day he sings,
He'll plead, adore, and bless,
And lend to man and mountain wings
Of love and thankfulness.

And nowhere is intellectual imagination more notable than in such brief dramatic poems as "The Prophet" and, still more original and vigorous, "The Unreaped Field."

It is chiefly to the sonnets, no doubt in the conviction that poetry genuinely wild should be in the fortunate custody of strict form, that Mr. Phillimore commits his freest and freshest thoughts, fancies, and images, and especially the beautiful distant suggestions that grow, as the tercet follows the octave, from the simplicity of something observed and loved in landscape. By the way, Mr. Phillimore binds himself invariably to the rule of rhyme of the Italian; his sonnet never suffers from it, otherwise we might make some unimportant protest against too much scrupulosity in observing a law easy to the Italian poet whose language is overflowing with rhymes but rather tyrannous to the Englishman. On the other hand, Mr. Phillimore often dispenses with the full stop, or emphatic colon or semi-colon, at the close of the octave, which is really an essential matter of sonnet-organism.

Another technical detail should be mentioned—Mr. Phillimore's way of making consecutive vowels flow together. Needless to say this flowing is obligatory in Italian, but English readers of Italian are apt to call it elision, and even, in quoting an Italian line, to cut off a vowel and insert a silly apostrophe. There is, of course, no elision, but a very beautiful glide that gives an elastic fullness such as no other language has in perfection. Mr. Phillimore sets an admirable example in this matter; he keeps the English liberty of separating consecutive vowels or else of gliding them together; this is one of the liberties that are peculiar to English poetry, should be cherished, and should be our safeguard against the licence of the *vers libre*. For *vers libre* commits *infraction* of use where occasional *inflection* of use is sufficient and most

Things New and Old

beautiful. In the case of "Things New and Old" a fine technique has obviously been the fruit of the study of prosody ancient and modern, and no less scholarly in regard to modern models than to the classical. Much knowledge has been gathered here to serve the purpose of very noble poetry, poetry, moreover, in which a great quality of imagination is expressed without profusion either of words or images. The thought is, as it were, forged with the image into the substance of a perfectly strong poem, the work of an "integrity of fire." This is a secure kind of imagination, a rare thing. It is no less evident in the virile war-poems and travel-poems than in the meditative lines that close a sonnet on "Vocation in Nature":

In Man the Incarnation once for all
Vouchsafed avails; yet water and grain repeat
Daily in bread God's mystic boon afresh.
Raindrops, who knows on which of you shall fall
The Salutation? which, the ear of wheat
The summons of the word shall make His Flesh?

Mr. Phillimore has a masterly discovery of fine subjects, and a masterly delight in treating them. In "Bede, the Blind Preacher," he tells of the trick of a lad who was the blind man's guide, and wishing for a good long rest, or tempted by wayside berries, or merely for fun, represented that a multitude had gathered, and now was the time for a proper long sermon. It was accordingly preached, and not an ear within hearing; but the stones cry out. Another poem has found admirable matter in the evening work of harvesters who are prolonging their piece-work day, and their south-country talk is splendid to the ear as liturgic sound in a basilica, and the hedge stands for a gold-screened gallery in Rome. And this is the close of a sonnet on Cobbett's country:

But, best of all, where beech and plane o'erarch
Imbrowning the Hamble stream below the mill,
—The pool that twice a day when tides convulse
The vasty seas, aware of the holy march
Of moon-led waters, all alert yet still,
Conspires remotely with the Atlantic pulse.

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In "Swallows, 1917," Mr. Phillimore imagines a message wherewith he charges the birds setting out on their September flight to the shores of Africa :

Fly overseas ; to the execrated ghost
Of Carthage say "Rome's reincarnate," say
"Rome's in her heirs. New Barbary goes the way
That Ariovistus went, and Alaric's host.
Such cocks in Gaul crow down the Teuton boast,
The old Gallic Rhine awakes and scents his prey.
Writhing, the dragon-circle bleeds at bay."
Let Afric answer you, *From uttermost
Cyrene to the Cape, from Agadir
To Eritrea, never a yard of soil
German but graveyards. Vanish like a wraith,
The Sadic satrapies ! So disappear
From all the world this twofold venomous coil
Of Vandal Culture and of Punic faith !*

But the most memorable poem is perhaps that written "In Honorem Sancti Boni Latronis." Of nine noble stanzas none shall be detached here. To this saint without a name (known only by the ignominy of the name of his profession) Mr. Phillimore offers some of the gravest and quite the most majestic of his verses in the form of a prayer.

A word should be said both of the economy and of the power of the adjective in these poems. The substantives throughout are strong and need no props, but welcome are such happy phrases as "the shockhead bushes," "the sea-whispering promontory," and of cows, "their quiet-minded annual motherhoods," of birds on the wing to the south, "the million-prowed flotilla." But these are only a few examples from a store.

A. M.

THE SYCAMORE TREE

In Memory of Joyce Kilmer, Poet and Convert, American Expeditionary Force. Died of wounds, August, 1918.

ET EXCEPIT ILLUM GAUDENS

SO at last He comes and calls you ! Was the day so
long you wore
Out in waiting, my Zacchaeus, stationed in your sycamore ?

Not content to stand on tiptoe where the city in full spate
Surged about the Sacred Footsteps in the froth of its
debate,

Bough by bough you scaled your eyrie, clutched and held
the immortal Tree,

Canopied, enthroned, exalted—so you settled down to see.
Saw the strip of road below you in a tempered twilight
spread,

Every thorn and weed and pebble shadowed by that
branching head.

Rooted in the rock, your refuge ; crested in the clouds ;
the swell—

Wave on wave—of wingéd voices shook their singing
citadel.

Trilling in the topmost branches, some in ecstasies of
sight

Sang the silvery rifts above them, shivered triangles of
light ;

Some at sills of simple dwellings twittered of their warm
concealment,

Lapped in tender leaves. So sang they, knowing neither
storm nor steel meant

Hurt to them, what rage of ages spent itself those giant
limbs on

Saw the generous wood reflourish, burgeon forth in buds
of crimson.

Both the songs were yours, Zacchaeus, high and low, for
as they swung

The Sycamore Tree

All the tree's occult green blossoms spilt their honey on
your tongue
Till the clustering seeds succeeding, like the keys to Peter
given,
Dangled in divine dependence, ready to unlock your
Heaven.
Heaven? Upon that dark horizon? In that fume of
folly? So
Came the Holiest, cloudy-pillared in the dust of Jericho.
All the hollow of your highway brimmed; and in that
sullied cup,
In that draught of degradation, He passed under and
looked up.
You shall tell the rest. The story swerves. "He bid me
to His House.
He, my Guest of old, my Host is. Others watch within
my boughs.
I no more the wistful burden of that leafy arabesque
am—
In pacem, in idipsum, dormiam et requiescam."

HELEN PARRY EDEN.

*Pelmanism

National Education in Germany and England

BY SIR THEODORE COOK

OUR ignorance about our brains is quite astonishing ; and I have been driven to remark upon it again by the request that I should say something about the impression made on me by Pelmanism. This I am very glad to do for many reasons ; and one of these reasons is that we seem to be just as ignorant about other people, in this matter, as we are about ourselves—a weakness admitted by everybody except Germans to be of considerable importance. Two little incidents will make my meaning clearer.

A friend of mine had a bad fall at Polo. It was an important moment in an important match, and he was soon on another pony and hard at it again. They were playing an extra three minutes, and in those three minutes he got the goal which won his side the County Cup. In his dressing-room, when the match was over, he was very sick, and the congratulations of his friends annoyed him very much, for he was totally unconscious of everything that had happened since his fall. In a day or two he had quite recovered from the slight "concussion" and was telling me this story. Now what had occurred inside his brain ?

INTERRUPTED EXISTENCE

The other incident happened to myself. I was about to undergo my first serious operation, and foolishly imagined (when they gave me chloroform) that I should have to count aloud, as one talks to the gasbag at a dentist's. You may imagine I did not get very far ; but I was determined I should not be sliced about until it was quite safe, so after saying "One" and "Two," I found myself labouring to pronounce "Three" with un-

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mistakable distinctness ; and the Nurse said " Drink some more hot water ; it's been over long ago." There had, in fact, been a lapse of about an hour and a half between the words " Two " and " Three," of which I was entirely unconscious. There had been no discoverable solution of continuity whatever, yet ninety minutes had vanished out of my life without a single mental trace, a single apparent activity of any sort. What had happened to my brain ?

It may be said that any problems here suggested were practically solved both for the polo-player and for the invalid, and that to ask for more is either unnecessary introspection or superfluous curiosity ? But is it superfluous ? Apart from the value of judging other people, what is there against our knowing something about ourselves and our own capabilities, more particularly our memory and its functions ? Philosophers tell us that we can only be logically and undoubtedly certain of the existence of one thing, and that is our " feelings," or if you prefer it, our mind. Yet about this one thing itself—however logically and undoubtedly it may exist—we really know less than we do about half a hundred other details which are, relatively, of no importance whatsoever.

AMAZING MACHINERY

There is one source not only of all " feeling " but also of all action ; one spring or motive-force which not only decides all right action but makes any " feeling " worth while ; and that is the mind, the brain, the organ to which we pay less attention than we do to any portion of our bodies.

There is one engine which in youth can be stored with energy, and which in old age can be a practically inexhaustible reserve fund of vitality, an engine upon which we can call at will without stint and without stay till life is ended ; and this amazing machinery of the mind is the one part of our bodies which we leave to chance in youth and to rust in maturity until it is useless before we reach our finish.

We have laboriously worked out the history and use of nearly every organ in our bodies, especially in the last

four years ; but we are only just beginning our exploration of the brain—by far the most amazing and delicate bit of machinery in the whole complex structure which makes up the human body. Think what standards men had set for the accomplishment of perfect physical feats by 1912. In that year, at the Olympic Games in Stockholm, it became clear that the old ideas of the limitation of human speed and skill had to be drastically revised, and that any notion of any single nation, or even any single race, retaining a monopoly of the qualities which go to make a World's Champion, in any first-rate form of athletics, must be henceforth abandoned. The war has taught us further, that, finely as the trained athletes of the world have come out of the test, there was a fund of endurance, tenacity, and strength in our factories, our counting-houses, our shops, even our slums, which had only to be roused and disciplined to stagger any previous estimate of the physical values of great armies drawn from the whole area of a healthy nation's manhood. And what was one reason for these astonishing results, whether we look at them in the Stadium at Stockholm or in the sterner battlefields where nearly all the same countries have met again in a far deadlier rivalry ? Surely it was the fact that a great and inspiring appeal had been made to men's minds, which urged them to put forward the last ounce of physical and mental energy they possessed. In each case that appeal proved successful, and the variations in success (either in the Olympic Games or in "greatest game of all") seem to me to have varied almost exactly in accordance with the proportionate "mentality" of those concerned.

Consider for a moment what this means. It means that not only in the highest forms of sport, not only in the fiercest tests of war, but, still more clearly, in the ordinary avocations of business life or administrative life, in money-making, in nation-building, or in home-building, the training of the mind is the first essential to success. Yet what do we know about this training and what have we ever done to improve it ? How many students can a University Lecturer on psychology attract ? How many readers are there for any original essay on education ? The very names of these subjects are odious to the average

man. To him psychology is merely dull when it is not the grosser figment of the charlatan ; research into the hideous labyrinths of insanity or brain-disease is merely repulsive ; the influence of education upon character is simply non-existent.

PERILS OF NEGLECT

No country ever neglected the brains of its population so persistently and so perilously as we have done. How can we expect that the advantages which fortune gave us before the war will be left to us by fate when war is over, unless we realize that conduct is psychology in action ; that success is the direct result of brains ; that life and our whole attitude to the world in which we live can be moulded only by a mind trained to perceive, to discover, to correlate, to judge by sure standards, to remain unsatisfied with any but the best, to stand unmoved by anything except the truth. The slipshod pouring-out of the same mental food into millions of mental receptacles entirely unfitted to absorb it, is not education ; it is political eye-wash.

These are some of the thoughts that came to me when I first heard of Pelmanism. Since then, I have visited the Pelman Institute. I have read the Pelman books. I have seen the letters of the Pelman pupils ; and I am no longer sceptical, no longer pessimistic. Is it something more than a coincidence that my knowledge that our Army contains over seventy thousand officers and men who are Pelman students comes on the same day that British soldiers have won the most striking success which has illuminated our campaigns in France since war began ? I think there is a very great deal of Pelman-cause about the glorious effect we have just seen in the breaking of the great Hindenburg Line. I think the leadership of our troops has gained not merely by the outstanding fact of the appointment of a brilliant Generalissimo, but by the invisible yet all-powerful and all-pervading increase in ability of our officers of every rank—of, in fact, the 70,000 who have learnt the principles of Pelmanism, the first real system of practical psychology which I ever heard of as applied to officers on active service by their own spontaneous demand.

Our armies in France have turned, in 1918, from defence to offence in as many weeks as the Germans took months to do the same after their own defensive of 1917. The mastery of infinite detail involved in this has been acknowledged in Sir Douglas Haig's splendid message of thanks "to all commanders and their staff officers under whose able direction such great results have been obtained; and also to all whose unsparing labours behind the actual fighting line have contributed essentially to our common success." It has produced an Allied Attack which had never paused for seven weeks from July 18th, and is continuing as I write. Such a feat was never accomplished by the Germans at their best, and is unequalled in the history of war. I think, therefore, that our latest victories in France constitute our "best day in the War," not only as an example of the fighting quality of our troops, not only as a relief from the crushing anxiety of immediate menace, but also as a proof of the skilful economy of means to a desired end, as that "victory of the mind" which must ever be the coping-stone of courage.

I do not wish to exaggerate these matters, and more particularly I have no desire to suggest that recent English victories have resulted (as might be argued from one of my previous observations) from the sudden superiority of British over German intelligence; for French and Americans and others are bearing as great a share as we in the coming downfall of the Hun; but I do most emphatically say that if we want to see the effects that can be produced on national character by national education we may well look at our enemies and consider how they grew.

THE RUST OF PROSPERITY

I shall die in the belief that a good cause is always better than an evil one. But since 1914 I have realized that even conscious rectitude is a poor protection against large quantities of High Explosive. We entered the War without being ready to fight, because we were ready to die for ideals that were scarcely visible in our national life. As a natural consequence we very nearly lost the heritage we had barely sacrificed an hour of ease to safe-

guard. The rust of long prosperity had well-nigh choked our souls. It had certainly paralysed our minds. Germany, on the other hand, had steadily accumulated a vast reserve fund (and I speak not of money only) from profits more huge and far more rapidly acquired than any nation ever won in an equivalent space of time. Throughout the whole period since 1866 she followed one fixed policy. Ever since 1871 she inculcated one creed. From 1897 onwards she accelerated the results of both by an intensive system of racial education definitely calculated towards one end. I maintain that unless that end had been a bad one she must inevitably have won. I believe that only because our own aims were good have we been able—with our Allies—to conquer her. It can always be argued that you "beg the question" by the use of words like "good" and "bad." Let me then be more precise and formulate the theory that our whole political civilization is based upon the hypothesis of the acceptance of a certain standard of morality in the dealings of one nation with another, just as our whole social system is based upon the voluntary enforcement upon every citizen of certain principles of conduct without which any form of civilized community is a ghastly farce. I do not think that statement can be questioned. Nor is it now doubtful that a principle which claims a monopoly either of culture or of racial destiny, and denies rights to all others, is the plain negation of morality between nations. This is what I mean by saying that the German cause was "bad," and this was the fundamental element of all German effort and all German education for the last forty years. By the narrow margin which alone separates us from the unimaginable horror of servitude to the bestial cult of Kaiserism may we measure to-day the short distance between us all and that abyss to which neglect of the simplest principles of mind-training was so swiftly bringing our country and our Empire.

Nothing but the dreadful lessons of loss, of privation, of sorrow, which the War has brought—nothing but the burning enthusiasm for abstract justice inherent in our race—nothing but the fusing of these two great factors in the furnace of the last four years could ever have made a change in the English of 1913 well-nigh as great as the

change wrought in the last forty years in the old Germany of 1865. By the grace of Providence the change in us is for the better. And it is not the ceasing of warlike operations which will put a stop to the beneficent process that has now begun. Millions of our men, from every class, from every clime, from every occupation, have been learning new things in new surroundings. They will not return to the old things or the old surroundings. They will not accept the old conditions. They know too much. They have seen their comrades blown into eternity by the carelessness of a few seconds, by the miscalculation of a few inches. They have learnt a new vigilance, a new forethought, a new endurance, and the punishment of ignorance was death. To-morrow, in the new life of peace, they will be going "over the top" again with an experience that none of us stay-at-homes can equal; and of one thing we may be sure, these soldiers of ours—fathers in fact or fathers to be—will never allow their children to run the risks our children ran from 1914 for four dreadful years, if education can prevent it.

MONEY IS NOT EVERYTHING

The reconstruction that is coming will be no battle between outworn "classical systems" and new-fangled theories of scientific progress. It will be a clear demand that every faculty in every man should be given its best chance to help him in the pursuit of freedom and the happiness that are his birthright. And it is because the Pelman System is the first attempt I have ever known to grapple with the vast possibilities of such a future that I have gladly tried to explain its value and its potentialities. A quarter of a million clients from all over the world do not pay fees and express their satisfaction with a system that is a fraud or a delusion. Seventy thousand officers and men engaged on active service in the hardest war of human history do not buy their "little grey books" and press them on their friends unless they feel they are doing themselves some good in the process. And now I know something of what that process means I can easily understand why it is spreading. It is the practical application of the basic principles of psychology to the

men and women whose brains are proving that those principles are right. It is a mental drill in observation, concentration, judgment, memory, and will. It is the evocation of the pupil's fullest powers and his training in the best and fullest use. Brains are not the monopoly of the few. Though genius is a good deal more than the "transcendent capacity for taking trouble," its existence does not absolve the average man from any effort to improve his mind. And no one who is not definitely insane or malignantly neurotic is unable so to improve his mental capacities that he can double, nay, quadruple, the possibilities of his progress.

Money is not everything ; but it is a good standard by which to judge the advance or retardation of certain definite qualities ; and by that standard Pelmanism is every day proving its value. Heads of great business firms do not send the controllers of their chief departments by the dozen to the Institute in Bloomsbury Street unless they feel the process is worth while. And to me one of the clearest symptoms that Pelmanism is on the right track is the fact that it provides the same foundation for men and women of every class, every profession, and almost every age. Clearly, if its principles are correct they must be capable of application to every specimen of the humanity which has evoked them. Apparently they are. The pupils of Pelmanism are as various as the races of the two hemispheres from which they come ; yet they all learn and they all profit by the same "little grey books." Upon the same foundation each finds he can build up the edifice specially suitable to his own requirements and environment. That seems to me to indicate that the system is organically sound and in accordance with the universal laws of natural development. In other words, it is alive ; it is as ready to face new possibilities as to grasp old facts ; it can expand and grow like flowers in the sunshine ; there is no case-hardened formula, no dogmatic prejudice, no narrow scholasticism about it.

THE AGE QUESTION

"Of almost every age," I said just now ; and I must ruefully admit the statement needs some qualification.

There are no doubt brisker men of over fifty than I am ; possibly there are even slower ones. But after the passing of that Rubicon I confess myself unwilling to confront a personal struggle with new languages, new ways of work, new modes of thought. Yet it is clarion-clear, to all save those who will be deaf even to the trump of doom, that the old world has passed away and that we are on the threshold of a new one. The man who will not recognize that salient fact had better bury himself. It is at any rate fully recognized in the Interim Report of the Committee on Adult Education just issued by the Master of Balliol, one of the most enlightened protagonists of new educational methods and reforms. He points out the countless instances in which students in lowly position have sacrificed leisure, wages, holidays, and even sleep and meal-times, in quest of knowledge, and he argues with irresistible force that the changed conditions of labour which are coming must all lead towards greater facilities for the acquisition of that knowledge which will be our people's greatest power. All I can say is that if I had a son he should be given a course of Pelmanism as soon as he was eighteen. If I have a friend left under fifty when this bloody war is over he shall learn it too, if he will take advice. There are exceptions, even already, to these limits. Gay young things of over seventy have wrestled with the "little grey books" manfully ; staid veterans of seventeen have purchased them with bursting hopes. And since this is so, why not definitely make the experiment of the effects of Pelmanism between the ages, say, of seven and seventeen ? Why not take a score or so of boys, selected on any principle you like, at one of our great public schools, and let their Pelmanized brains be definitely tested against their unsophisticated comrades ? Why not go further and adapt the thing to some wide plan of national education which to German industry shall add a new vitality and imagination, for German animalism shall substitute an inspiring and humane ideal ? When I was at Oxford I spent hours in taking notes at lectures—and no doubt both were highly valuable. But neither at my school nor at my University did anyone ever dream of telling me how notes should so be taken that they may be

useful not merely in an immediate examination but in all after-life. To learn that—the foundation, it seems to me, of any oral education—I had to go to Paris and begin all over again at twenty-three. No one in English Schools or Universities yet, it appears, teaches even the simple and invaluable system known at the Ecole des Chartes. But there is an equivalent method practised among Pelman pupils, and that is only one reason why Pelmanism instantly appealed to me. It does not give you things (like the Kings of Israel and Judah) to learn by heart in lists. It tells you how to acquire knowledge, how to fit yourself to use knowledge, and how to go on getting more knowledge. There is no patent about it, no humbug, and no sham. But I am not going to tell you details which it is only fair you should pay fees to learn. All I can say is that if you once try it, and conscientiously do what you are told to do, you will find those fees the best investment you have ever made.

WHAT WE MIGHT DO

We have done, in this country, in our best years, amazing things in sport ; and I have no doubt we shall repeat and even better them. They were produced by the intensive training of portions of a physical anatomy admittedly imperfect as a mechanism. *What would be the results to us, as a nation and a race, if we gave even half that amount of training and enthusiasm to the brain, admittedly the most delicate, most efficient, and most unceasingly productive portion of our physical organism ?* In the answer to that question lies, I think, the future of this country and the Empire. It is not in physical directions alone that this War has surprised us in its revelations of the quality of a nation which we had been actually told, was not only “physically degenerating,” but “decadent” in patriotism, in religious faith, and in response to leadership. Now we know better. Now, as the Master of Balliol’s Report says, “we see what potentialities lie in this people and what a charge lies on us to give these powers full play.”

This will be needed even more urgently than perhaps the Master of Balliol realizes ; for it is clear that after

the war more production will be necessary from work at the very time when working hours will as a whole be shortened. This means that machinery and brains will be more essential than ever if both quantity and quality are to be improved, and if that improvement is to take place not in longer periods of working-time, not even in equivalent periods, but in shorter working-days than we have hitherto known. And this, again, involves a general rise in national standards and national intelligence which will utterly reject the old disgraceful principle of stopping a man from working as fast as he can, or of hindering a man from working as well as he can. That rise in standards and intelligence can only be produced (and will, in my opinion, be produced) by the adaptation to all classes and to all industries of those principles of brain work and mind-training which are embodied in the scheme of Pelmanism, and should be incorporated in any sound plan of national educational reconstruction.

If Germany by persistent education and relentless industry could forge a weapon for evil which for four years has held at bay a world in arms, and by four separate victories has shaken the whole fabric of European life, what may not be the possibilities of a similar instrument welded by higher purpose, annealed in purer fires, and wholly turned towards the nobler aims of peaceful and progressive competition?

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